MANITOU

Lincoln High School Manitowoc, Wisconsin March, 1942

Some day there will be PEACE *and* PLENTY of Aluminum

SOME day the wars of the world will end and peace will come again.

Out of the laboratories, the factories, and the test kitchens will come new ways to make living and home making easier, finer, better. Today, we, the world's largest manufacturers of cooking utensils, are developing improvements in design, new convenience features, and greater quality so that you will have even higher cooking efficiency in MIRRO ware.

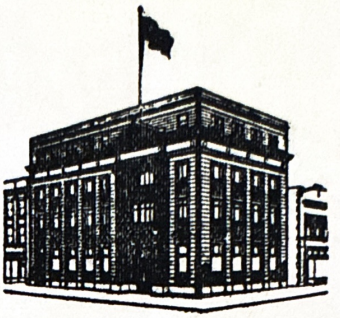
If you are not able to obtain all the MIRRO ware you need just at this time, you can be sure that when the nation's defense needs have been served, there again will be *plenty of aluminum.* Remember, the name MIRRO will continue to be your guide to *the finest aluminum* cooking utensils.

SPECIAL OFFER: The Famous MIRRO Cook Book. A regular $1.50 value. 240 pages—1000 tested recipes. *Now!* Only $1.00 at your MIRRO Dealer. Or send $1.00 direct to

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN

MIRRO

THE FINEST ALUMINUM



"THE HOME FOR SAVINGS"

Capital
One Half Million
Dollars

Established 1884

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Manitowoc Savings Bank

BEAUTY

Begins with

HEALTH

. . . and milk is truly the Queen of Health—and of beauty, too, for health IS beauty, and real beauty is more than skin deep. Follow the advice of health authorities in using "a quart a day for children and a pint a day for adults." It pays dividends in BOTH beauty and health.

Note To Men and Boys

The excellent qualities of milk are important in restoring energy to the body and in building strong muscles, sound healthy teeth, and strong bones.

MILK COUNCIL

OUR
AIM . . .
TO SERVE
YOUR EVERY
BANKING NEED

Manitowoc
National
Bank

WASHINGTON STREET
Opposite Court House
Member F. D. I. C.

hind-sight

AS BEFITTING a Gay Nineties Manitou, we've filled a column with facts and figures about Manitowoc as it was fifty years ago . . .

Manitowoc increased in population from 7,000 in 1890 to 11,000 in 1900, a "growing" little municipality. The prominent businessmen "took turns" at the official jobs, mayor, etc.

By 1890 Manitowoc had electric lighting, a daily paper, the *Manitowoc Herald;* two weekly papers, the *Pilot* and the *Citizen;* and at least a dozen prospering businesses and industries, the most important of the latter being the Shipyards. The Goodrich boats had winter headquarters here, which was really a distinction, because these boats afforded the principal means of transportation on water.

During the Nineties, football was introduced in our three Manitowoc high schools, and joint debating between high school teams became so popular that crowds of more than 1000 would attend the debates in the Opera House.

Typical vaudeville stage shows made regular weekly stands at the theater, and when especially good acts were playing, such as the famous Winninger Brothers, people returned two and three evenings in succession to see the shows.

Saturday nights were spent dancing to the tunes of the popular songs, *The Band Played On, A Bicycle Built For Two, Walking Through The Park One Day,* and *'Neath The Silvery Moon.*

Sunday afternoons? Well, the "young fellers" borrowed the family gigs and Dobbins, called for their best girls, (per 1942), and traversed the country roads!

Maybe we were born forty years too late . . .

Information on Manitowoc in the 1890's through the courtesy of Mr. Ralph G. Plumb, author of *Lake Michigan* and authority on Manitowoc city and county history.

M. A. H.

Manitou
March, 1942
Literary Magazine
Lincoln High School
Manitowoc, Wisconsin
Volumn XXXIII

GAY NINETIES FOR GRIM FORTIES

We thought you might like a glimpse back to the "Good Old Days" this year. Maybe you'll be able to forget the world for awhile, if a little stress is put on the Unforgettable Nineties, those days of our grandparents' time and prime. And, too, your dad and mom might forget the taxes and recall the days of handlebar mustaches and ostrich feathers. That takes care of three generations, doesn't it? Well, the more the merrier—so, may we present the Gay Nineties . . . streamlined version!

Mary Ann Huberty

Editor

TABLE OF

SPECIAL FEATURES

COVER—Jack Christiansen 3
HIND-SIGHT 3
GAY NINETIES FOR GRIM FORTIES—Illustrated by Jack Christiansen and Merle Hansen 4, 5
WHY TEACHERS HAVE TANTRUMS—Elaine Dill. Illustrated by Jack Christiansen 24, 25
ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS!—Illustrated by Merle Hansen. Arranged by Grace Gennrich 44, 45

ART

FOUND LONELY—Jack Christiansen 9
AW, SHUCKS!—Jack Christiansen 10
WINGED VICTORY—Peter Jenkyn 11
CHIC—Merle Hansen 12

EDITORIAL

PERSPECTIVE—Mary Pollock 22
SELF-GOVERNMENT—Lorraine Schuette 22
AMERICA'S TRIPLE THREAT—Patricia Bonar 23
TO LOVE—Patricia Davis 32
YOUTH—FREEDOM, EQUALITY, JUSTICE—Joan Tveten 41
YOUTH—ITS PLACE IN THE WORLD —Robert Pehrson 41
A TRIBUTE TO MR. HITLER—Jane Schmitz 46
COURTESY —Mary Brady 63
THE BEST GOAL—Marvin Pankratz 87

ESSAY

MUTUAL AGREEMENT—Jane Schmitz 13
A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS—Charles Kollath 16
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN—Robert Pehrson. Illustrated by Jack Christiansen 18
REFLECTIONS AND INFLECTIONS—Margaret Voss 42
THOUGHTS WHEN WRITING FOR ENGLISH—John Dalrymple 47

PARODY

Illustrated by Jack Christiansen
'TWAS THE END OF THE SERIES—Lois Nielsen 30
MEIN KAMPF—Patricia Gesell 30
THROUGH THE WAR—Bettymae Silbersack 31
THE GENTLE TOUCH—Hans Kaboth 31
WORK—Helen Jeanne Ledvina 31
ODE TO A DICTATOR—Ruth Broderick 31
JIMMY FROSH—Bettymae Silbersack 41
LINCOLN'S DREAM—LaVonne Knuth 49
JOURNALEZ!—William Hansen 52

PHOTOGRAPHY

WRONG SIZE?—William Schwarz 37
"HUCKLEBERRY" SCHWARZ—Roger Rulseh 38
REFLECTIONS—Suzanne Vander Zanden 39
FIVE-YEAR-OLD—Marvin Pankratz 40

CONTENTS

POETRY

VICTIMS ARE THEY—June Jole 8
DUALISM—Mary Ann Huberty. Illustrated by Doris Burger 17
AUTUMN—Carol Zeddies 19
AT THE OPERA—Patricia Gesell 21
SILENCE—Edward Leschke 21
FOG—Robert Rosinsky 21
SHORN—Audrey Plautz 21
DEATH—Marjorie Miley 26
TELL ME—Jeanne McConnell. Illustrated by Shirley Wedertz 29
THE WARRIOR—Creighton Kelley 32
DEPARTURE—Bettymae Silbersack 32
THE DAWN OF WAR—Ruth Broderick 32
FLOWERS LIKE PEOPLE—Delores Wicke 32
GROTESQUE—Audrey Plautz 32
SIMILE—Rosella Leist 32
DESTINY—LaVerne Kattner 33
TO A DRUM MAJOR—Jeanne McConnell 36
PEACE—Jeanne McConnell 41
DAWN—Gladys Roberts 41
FIRST SNOWFALL— Patricia Davis 41
PLAYING CUPID?—Arline Paustian 42
COMMON SENSE?—Audrey Plautz 43
FATE—Rosella Leist 43
THE SUBMARINE—Bette Phalen 43
A BLACK CAT—Marjorie Miley 43
FLOWING THOUGHTS—Patricia Bonar 46
SOPHOMORES—Edith Orr 55
WILL I REMEMBER?—Jacqueline Beatka 55
FLIGHT—Mary Pollock 56
THE WELL-DRESSED GIRL—Clarie Bauer 59
DISMISSED—Donald Ryan 61
LAY TO A LOVELY PERCH IN A POND—Ruth Broderick 62
THE MALE MIND CHANGES—Susan Eckels 62
THE WIND—Jeanne Tidmarsh 73
SPRING MORNING—Anita Westphal 78
KING OF NIGHT—Betty Jane Lewis 88

REVIEW

Illustrated by Jack Christiansen
SALUD! A SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNAL—Olive Jagodinsky 34
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS—Marie Loef 35
CITIZEN KANE—Robert Pehrson 35

SHORT STORY

THEY NEVER MET—Rosalie Kutil. Illustrated by Patricia Davis 14
WITH THE DAWN—Ruth Butz 27

SKETCH

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE—Ruth Broderick.
Illustrated by Richard Sheraski 20
MARY—Ruth Schumacher 26
PRELUDE—Bettymae Silbersack 28
HIS PARAPHERNALIA—Harriet Heise 28
CRIMSON STAINS—Bernice Rapp 33
A WEDDING—Robert Kappelmann 36
REMINISCENCE IN COLOR—Mary Ann Huberty 43
MOONLIGHT SONATA—Andria Jenkyn 82

MISCELLANEOUS

PASSPORT—Marie Loef 60
DEFINITION—Joan Tveten 76
LIFE—Mary Ellen Zingsheim 70
HARMONY—Robert Pehrson 77

VICTIMS ARE THEY

by JUNE JOLE '42

FIRST PLACE POETRY

Scorching pavements, bomb torn,
recall the summer's sun;
Tall, tottering buildings
tower overhead.
Tired, frightened, weary
children
Run to bomb shelters—ill-nourished,
underfed
Victims of war. No place have
they to sit and dream,
No feather bed to rest their
tousled heads!
Through bursts of bombs they gaze upon
the flaming torches once their homes,
Heaped round with wounded men
and dead.
Bewildered hearts, knowing
naught but sorrow
That follows in the path of
war; Their faith
In God, in man, destroyed
by ruthless deeds.
In fear they fold their tiny
hands and wait
For hope, eternal, to light their
way and guide
Their faltering footsteps, and
kindle faith anew
Within their stricken hearts.
They pray
For peace to come unto the
earth again and stay.

by JACK CHRISTIANSEN '43
FIRST PLACE ART

Found Lonely

Aw, shucks!

by JACK CHRISTIANSEN '43
SECOND PLACE ART (TIE)

by PETER JENKYN '42
SECOND PLACE ART (TIE)

Winged Victory

by MERLE HANSEN '43

Chic —

Mutual Agreement

by JANE SCHMITZ '42

SECOND PLACE ESSAY

It's that peacefulness that reigns over the family household. It's that contented bliss of the average family of four. It's that "love, honor, and obey" feeling between Mom, Dad, Sue, and Bill. It's that feeling of harmony that isn't off key. That's mutual agreement.

Now, you take the average family of four. I've been hunting for that ever-important mutual agreement ever since my dad said, storming around the house, "What we need in this house is mutual agreement, and I'm going to see that we get it!" and all because I talked on the phone for an hour when he had an important business call coming through. That's why I'm trying to find this certain "M. A." appeal.

The Jones family was the first on my list. I knew the minute I got there that I'd find it; the mutual agreement was evident, for there was that peacefulness that reigned over the household. There was that contented bliss of the average family of four. There was the "love, honor, and obey" feeling between Mr., Mrs., Jane, and Tom. There was even that feeling of harmony that wasn't off key.

Just then the paper boy's footsteps sounded on the porch.

Like a flash, they were off! The Joneses, I mean! Running ahead by two lengths was Bill Jones, who came galloping up the basement steps by twos - - - Mrs. Jones who got off to a late start was doing a fine canter coming out of the kitchen. Jane Jones with a bit (of candy) in her mouth reared as she heard the signal and turned to follow B. Jones by half a length. What's this? A dark horse entry! It's Mr. Jones, coming down from upstairs, showing a mighty fine running form with his gallop. They're coming down the stretch, folks, and they're getting nearer and nearer - - - and here's the winner. It's Mr. Jones holding the prize, one mighty torn newspaper. Have you anything to say, Mr. Jones? Sorry, but we can't allow you to say that on the air. Anyway, it was a wonderful race, folks, and just listen to the "jeers" of the three-fold crowd as they "hail" the winner!

You see what I mean?

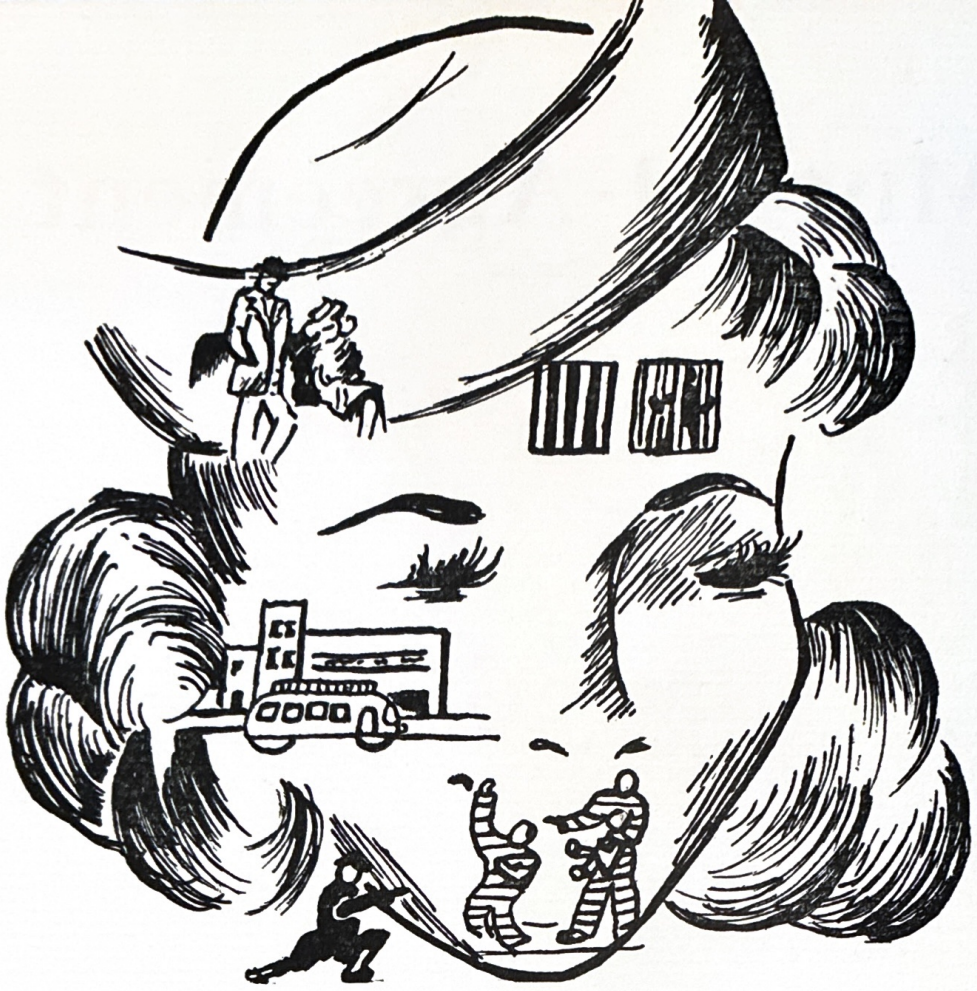
Anyway, I left right away, and with a quick glance, came to the name of Smith. Even though Mrs. and Mr Smith never were graduated from college, they had their "M. A." all right! All was in peace, and nary a sound of discontentment filled the air. But that was the "before" half of a well-known advertisement!

You see, Bill Smith played the trumpet, or at least he didn't give up trying. Its sounds rent the air, but could not equal those that were to follow.

Mrs. Smith was telephoning. Mr. Smith was hammering in the kitchen, and Bill Smith was playing his trumpet. Mrs. Smith kept on talking while Mr. Smith kept on hammering and Bill Smith kept on playing his trumpet. Now Mrs. Smith didn't like this, and so she put her hand over the mouth of the phone and said, "Sh, I'm phoning." But she couldn't be heard above the din of the trumpet and the racket of the hammer, and thus you might have found an item in the local paper the next day saying that Mr. Smith went to Washington.

Anyway, I'm still looking for Mutual Agreement. I haven't found it yet, but I won't give up trying!

(Continued on page 69)



THEY NEVER MET

by ROSALIE KUTIL '42

SECOND PLACE SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY PATRICIA DAVIS '43

EVERY DAY Alvin Huwatschek, thirty-dollar-a-week printer's assistant, saw at close quarters approximately sixty women whom he had never seen before. So in the four years he had lived in New York, Huwatschek had seen at close quarters some seventy-five thousand women. Of these seventy-five thousand women, about twenty-five thousand were under thirty years of age and over fifteen. Of these twenty-five thousand, only two thousand weighed what he thought they should; and of the two thousand, only one thousand were good looking. Only two hundred were reasonably attractive; only twenty-five could have inspired a long whistle. And with only one did Huwatschek fall in love at first sight.

Her name was Bette Linstrom. She was five feet four, in the twenties, and was a stenographer. In reference to Bette's appearance people said, "Bette's as pretty as a picture."

Early one morning in the Third Avenue bus Huwatschek stood over Bette and was a dead duck. All because her mouth was open in a peculiar way. Bette was reading a cosmetic ad on the wall panel of the bus; and when Bette read, Bette relaxed slightly at the jaw. In that short moment while Bette's mouth was open, Bette's appeal was probably the most fatal in all New York to Huwatschek. He saw her as

the positive cure-all for his loneliness which had been around him since he came to New York. Oh, the agony of it!

Now how to get Huwatschek and Bette to meet - - -

It would be impossible for the printer's assistant to bend over and say in all sincerity, "I beg your pardon. I love you very much. I'm nuts about you. I know it. I could love you all my life. I'm a printer's assistant and make thirty dollars a week. Gee, but I love you. Are you busy tonight?"

This Huwatschek might have been a goon, but not that big a goon.

Yes, Huwatschek might have said, "Excuse me, but aren't you Norma Wills?"

To which Bette would have coldly replied, "No."

"That's funny," Huwatschek could have gone on, "I was willing to swear that you're Norma Wills. Uh, you don't by any chance happen to come from Kenosha, do you?"

"No!" - - - more ice.

"Kenosha's my home town - - - great town, Kenosha. I mean it's a great little town. I've only been here - - - I mean in New York - - - for four years. I'm a printer's assistant. Alvin Huwatschek is my name."

"I'm really not interested."

Huwatschek couldn't have got anywhere with that kind of a line. He had neither the looks, personality, nor the good clothes to gain Bette's interest under those circumstances. He didn't have a chance.

But what is more logical is the possibility that Huwatschek might have become desperate. There still are a few men who love desperately. Maybe Huwatschek was one. He might have snatched Bette's purse and run with it to the back exit. Bette would have screamed. Men would have heard her, and remembered the Alamo or something. Huwatschek's flight is arrested. The bus is stopped. Patrolman Wilson, who hasn't made an arrest in years, reports at the scene.

"What's going on here?"

"Officer, this man stole my purse."

Huwatschek walks to court. Bette, of course, must attend this session. They both give their addresses; thus, Huwatschek gets the location of Bette's divine abode.

Judge Perkins gives Huwatschek one year.

In prison Huwatschek writes the following letter to Bette Linstrom:

Dear Miss Linstrom,

I did not really mean to steal your purse. I just took it because I love you. You see I only wanted to get to know you. Will you please write to me sometime when you get time? It gets pretty lonely here and I love you very much. Maybe you will come and see me sometime if you have time.

Your friend,

Alvin Huwatschek

Bette shows the letter to all her friends. They say, "How cute, Bette." Bette agrees that it is quite cute and answers it. Nothing to lose, she figures.

Dear Mr. Huwatschek,

I received your letter and feel very sorry about what has happened. Unfortunately there is very little we can do about it this time. However, your sentence is a very short one and soon you will be out. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Linstrom

Dear Miss Linstrom,

You will never know how much you cheered me up when I received your letter. You shouldn't feel that way about everything. It was all my fault about being so crazy. We get movies here once a week, and it isn't so bad. I am 28 years old and am from Kenosha. I have been in New York 4 years and think it is a great town, except I get kind of lonely once in a while. You are the prettiest girl I ever saw—even in Kenosha. I wish you would come and see me some Saturday afternoon during my visiting hours from 2 to 4. I will pay your train fare.

Your friend,

Alvin Huwatschek

Bette would have shown this letter to her friends, too, but she decided not to answer this one. Any one could see that this Huwatschek was a goon. And after all—she had answered the first letter. If she answered this one,

(Continued on page 83)

a penny for your thoughts

by CHARLES KOLLATH '42

HE WAS dressed in a black gown, the familiar dress of his mother country, China. His face still shone with the spirit of youth, although he was as particular about his age as some women are about theirs.

Ever since he moved into this neighborhood twenty years ago, strange tales have been told about him and his house. One tale was told of his many underground tunnels and passages leading into many secret rooms. People said these tunnels led to all the houses in the community, so when anything had disappeared they promptly accused him. Indeed they made his house a place where only witches, goblins, and many other Halloween characters lived.

Many times as a youngster, I would run past his house, rather than walk. I always had a feeling something was going to happen to me. Many a time, he would be sitting outside, taking life easy. This would make me run twice as fast; and near the end, I was convinced that the world's record for the one-hundred yard dash was broken. Later, I would walk past defiantly, but always ready at an instant's notice for anything that might call for speed. Sometimes he would come out and say something to me. But by the time he was through, I would be in the next block.

One day, however, I came to meet him. I assure you that it wasn't purposely. It was a cold, wintry morning with the temperature playing with the zero mark. Walking was treacherous. That morning I left for school as usual. Just as I was in front of his house, my feet slipped, and I made a double somersault, landing on my head rather than on my feet.

What happened after that I'm not quite sure. But when I awoke, I found myself lying in a strange bed. It wasn't like mine at home with a soft mattress and warm blankets! I looked about the room. The door opened and the old Chinaman appeared with some tea —the cup of hospitality. I drank it reluctantly. He pulled a chair near the bed. I began to tremble and feared that he was going to do something drastic with me. He began talking in a low voice.

"My son," he started, "never be in a hurry. It never gets you anywhere. Look where you are now."

I didn't answer him, but rather felt that he was planning to do something to me.

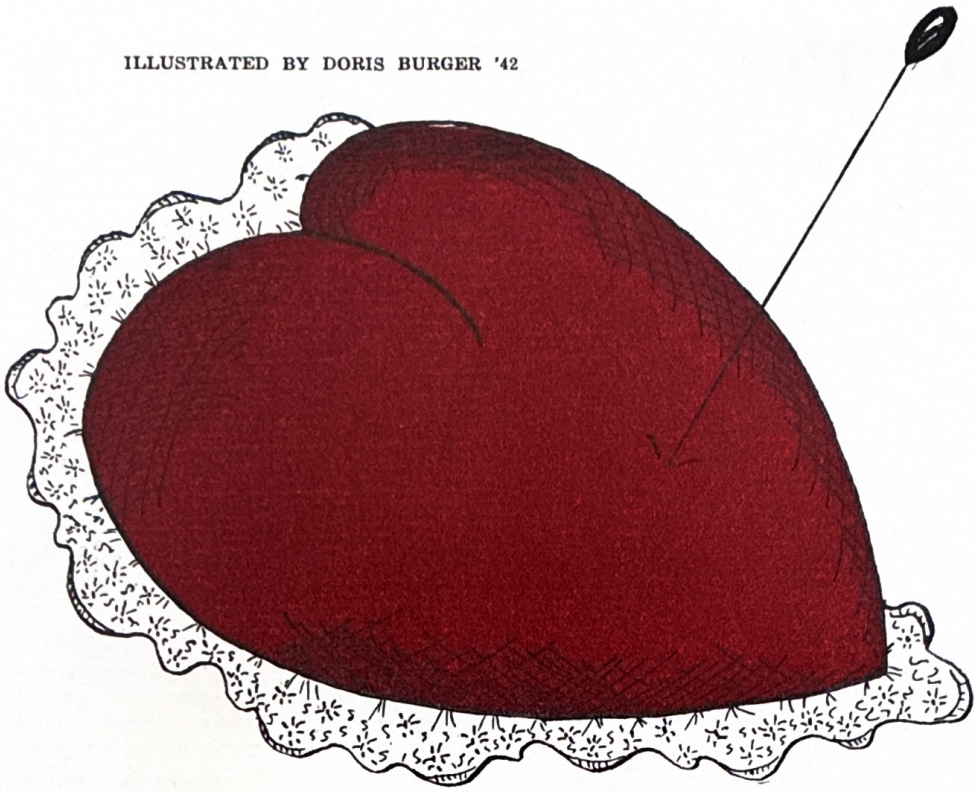
He continued, "You are living in a world where nobody is satisfied to do things slowly and accurately. Patience has vanished. Everything must be done in a hurry! That's why everything in this world is in confusion. Yours is an age of machines—making and doing things faster, assuming that you are saving time."

I looked at him with a bewildered and fearful eye, not daring to say one word.

"Son," he said, "if you take things easily and slowly, your life will be a happy and a continuous one. Take life slowly, so that you may enjoy everything here. You will find that you will learn more because it gives you an opportunity to study each subject much more carefully. You appreciate things more when you find their real value. You Americans lead a fast life. That's why you have divorces, crimes, accidents, and many more troubles. In China they go along in their own way, never hurrying, just taking life

(*Continued on page 61*)

ILLUSTRATED BY DORIS BURGER '42



Dualism

by MARY ANN HUBERTY '42

There's a side of me nobody knows,
A dreamy mood that seldom shows.

But sometimes, alone in a quiet place,
That guarded look steals from my face.

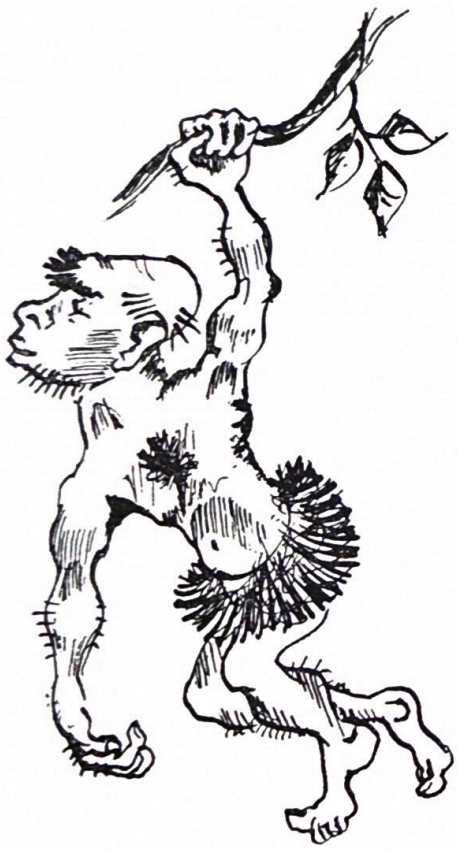
That's when I change with twist of hand
My class ring to a wedding-band.

THE OTHER SIDE of the mountain

by ROBERT PEHRSON '44

FIRST PLACE ESSAY

WAY BACK IN 500,000 B. C., some Stone Age quiz kid decided to see what was on the other side of the mountain. He put on his Sunday bearskin, left a note to his folks on the side of the family cave, caught the 12:20 swinging vine, and was on his way. He was the first of a long line of queer people called Travelers, because ever since then, people have wanted to see what was on the other side of the mountain.



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK CHRISTIANSEN '43

Travel means different things to different people. To Admiral Byrd it means twenty-three months of shoveling snow; the suburban commuter believes that travel is the cause of stomach ulcers brought on by a hurried gulping of coffee and toast every morning in order to catch the Business Man's Special; to the musician, it means 500-mile hops from town to town and then two and a half hours of sleep; to the tourist, travel symbolizes a beautiful South Sea Island paradise, complete with Joe's hamburger stand, a juke box blaring "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar," the latest Dorothy Lamour film, and "Descendants of the Great Chief, Konahau" selling "authentic Dyak swords." (The label on these swords says, "Made In Japan.")

Why has travel become so popular? Why have Mother Glotz's home-made potato chips become so popular? The answer in both cases is publicity: Modernistic travel bureaus, attractive folders, suave well-dressed young men with information about "strange, weird, exotic places" at the tips of their tongues, all trying to persuade Mr. and Mrs. Average American to "get away from it all." "All" means a nice comfortable bed, food that they are used to, and a sizable bank roll.

"One meets such interesting people while traveling" is an oft-repeated

statement. I'll say you meet interesting people while traveling - - - like the fellow who started to get nasty when I suggested that the Brooklyn Dodgers were not quite so good as the New York Yankees; the lady who got mixed up and took my seat and then refused to give it up; the five-year-old kids who ran up and down the aisle while I was trying to get some sleep.

Another bit of insidious propaganda prevalent in travel folders is its educational benefits. A story is told about the society matron who gained twenty-five pounds while on a trip to the Bahamas. She'll readily testify to the fact that "Travel is broadening."

Then there are the explorers of "their own backyards." Henry Thoreau and other nineteenth century fresh-air fiends believed that the joys of travel could be experienced close to home. The "bubbling brooks, wild flowers (they didn't have $300 fines for picking wild flowers in 1837), and the joys of the open road" were just as fascinating as the Sahara desert, Mt. Rainier, and other tourist centers. All of this is fine - - - if you're equipped for it. The following items are essential for those of you who wish to take Mr. Thoreau's advice:

1. Mosquito repellent
2. Rain coat
3. Snake bite remedy
4. Deck of cards
5. Unguentine
6. Anti-poison ivy salve
7. Compass
8. First-Aid Handbook

After purchasing these indispensable articles, the Stay-At-Home Frank Buck is all set... All set for aching feet and ants in his sandwiches, to mention just two of "the joys of the open road."

In a long and varied career as a student of travel, the author has found the ideal mode of traveling, the arm-chair method. You sit down in a nice comfortable chair, find a good travel book or magazine and you are on your way. The poor boob who wrote the book or article that you read has done all the suffering while you get the benefit of his hardships. That, my friends, is the de luxe way to see what is on "the other side of the mountain."

AUTUMN

by CAROL ZEDDIES '43

No brush holds the color
To tell of the beauty
Of transformed slopes and heights.

Nature gives to the daily-thinned leaves
A flame of brilliance.

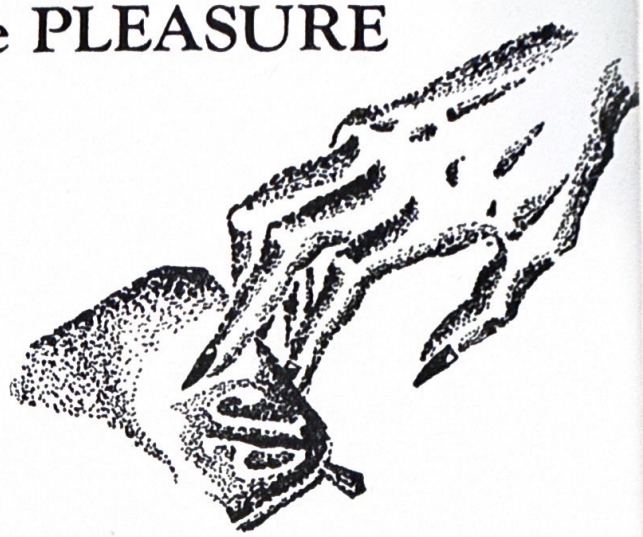
Shadowy rafters hold treasures
Of golden harvest gathered in.

Fields—bare, brown, and still
Gathering strength
For a springtime restoration.

A season of peacefulness
Of nights sharp, cool, and still.

The swift descent of dusk
And the welcome warmth
Of evening fires.
Autumn.

BUSINESS before PLEASURE



by RUTH BRODERICK '44

FIRST PLACE SKETCH

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SHERASKI '43

MRS. H. Higsbee Randall wended her way through the crowd of holiday shoppers toward the "Brownie Toyland." Mrs. H. Higsbee Randall hated crowds. And she hated her business because she must deal with the holiday crowds.

Mrs. Randall glanced at herself in a mirrored pillar just ahead. The image staring out at her was one of respectability. Her grayish hair, brushed severely back, was respectable. Her dark blue hat was respectable. She was tall and thin. She wore a warm, blue coat, and her huge feet were clad in a pair of low-heeled walking shoes. Mrs. Randall was the essence of respectability, from the tip of her straight spare figure to her elephantine feet. Abigail Randall straightened her hat and proceeded toward the toy counter.

She sniffed audibly as a large man, carrying a cumbersome package, lurched into her. Hissing a scathing remark about "these clumsy shoppers," Mrs. Randall moved on.

Perhaps she looked a bit out of place around the noisy toy train, amid the eager-faced children and the doting parents. Mrs. Randall loathed crowds. The pushing and the jostling! It was enough to make you positively ill. And that Santa Claus in the moth-eaten suit! She had seen the type thousands of times.

The comments of the crowd were not heard by Abigail Randall. She was bored. The gyrations of the madly circling electric train were profoundly disgusting to her. The confused jangle of sounds made by children, clerks, crying baby dolls, store call-chimes, and the metallic clatter of the train was lost upon her ears. She sighed wearily. Crowds were so nauseating. However, one must put business before pleasure. Mrs. H. Higsbee Randall placed her large bag under her left elbow for convenience. She must get down to work.

Expertly she slipped her gloved fingers into a pocket of a portly man nearby and deftly extracted a thick wallet. Unobtrusively slipping from the counter, she was lost in the crowd she hated. For Mrs. H. Higsbee Randall was an expert in her line.

One must put business before pleasure.

IMPRESSIONS

AT THE OPERA

by PATRICIA GESELL '44

Social climbers
Arrayed
In diamonds and furs
Peer through
Jeweled lorgnettes.

Bored husbands
Dressed
In swallow-tail coats
Snore loudly
In sleepy protest.

Mlle. Carlisle
Warbles
Unsteadily, delighting
The wives
And waking the husbands.

silence

by EDWARD LESCHKE '44

Silence
Beating down upon your ear
Until - - - -
Sound,
Like a beacon in the darkness,
Breaks its spell.

fog

by ROBERT ROSINSKY '43

Like a white sheet
A mist covers
All in sight,
Like night.
Fog!

shorn

by AUDREY PLAUTZ '43

I am
As a wingless bird
Captivated by thoughts
Of him.

Perspective

by MARY POLLOCK '43
FIRST PLACE EDITORIAL (TIE)

JOHNNY Q. PUBLIC is a funny guy. He prides himself on being broadminded, on looking at both sides of the question, and on trying to see the other fellow's point of view. But the peculiar thing about Johnny is that he is usually too busy fretting over his own molehill to stop to think about the other fellow's mountain.

At the breakfast table he reads the morning paper which tells that over half the world's population will go hungry this winter, and flaunts pictures of hollow-cheeked children devouring crusts. Then he gripes because the coffee is too strong and the toast a little burned.

He can rant and rave about no hot water in the morning while he tells his wife, "Another British ship was sunk by a German submarine last night, somewhere near Iceland. Whole crew was drowned, I guess."

His wife, oh don't worry, his wife is right there too. Now she can go off into tantrums about a broken dinner plate when only a few minutes ago, a radio commentator, recounting last night's air raids, told that a direct hit was made on a whole block of London tenement houses, robbing over fifty families of all their earthly possessions and leaving only smouldering ruins.

Of course Mrs. Public feels terribly sorry for the little French waifs shivering in their ragged clothing, but not quite so sorry as she feels for herself now that she can no longer buy her favorite brand of silk stockings.

The Johnny Q's think it's simply dreadful that Junior was sent off to camp for the required period of military training. They just can't bear the idea of their son spending eighteen months in that horrid place. Oh yes, they've both heard about the German boy soldiers who have marched off to serve their country for the duration, or at least until their names appear on the ever-lengthening casualty lists.

Johnny had no trouble at all understanding proportion when he was studying math, but now he just can't see that in proportion to the rest of the world's troubles even his greatest misfortunes are ridiculously small.

What Johnny Public needs is a sense of perspective to bring all those molehills down to their proper size.

Self-government

by LORRAINE SCHUETTE '43
SECOND PLACE EDITORIAL

. . . "THAT GOVERNMENT of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish."

This memorable statement of Abraham Lincoln's is often repeated because it is so significant in our type of government—self-government.

Self-government is always important, but especially so in these days when this right is being threatened on every side. Certain people in other parts of the world seem bound and determined to destroy the right of self-government everywhere. For this reason, it is necessary to build up a strong defense against them.

Training for this defense should begin as early as possible. Today, children of grade school age are learning the importance of governing themselves wisely. Wise governing means choosing good representatives. These children hold "mock" elections to acquaint themselves with the voting privilege.

High schools offer further opportunities for self-government. Elections for class officers and members of student council help students to choose representatives who will act as they wish and in their behalf. Since these representatives do have to decide the important issues which arise, they must be able to cope with any situation. They must also be able to assume responsibilities.

From high school it is a short step to the time when as a citizen, the former student will cast his ballot. Then he is on his own. The fate of the

country rests on his shoulders, too. If his choice is a wise one, he need not fear. But, on the other hand, if the person he chooses is corrupt, serious trouble may befall him and his country.

Since self-government is so vitally important, training for it should be thorough and extensive. It should be considered seriously. It's a wonderful privilege. Let's keep it.

America's triple threat

by PATRICIA BONAR '43
FIRST PLACE EDITORIAL (TIE)

FREEDOM OF SPEECH! Freedom of Religion! Freedom of the Press! Three phrases which mean so much today and are too often taken for granted.

Freedom in any man's language is doing what you wish with your own life.

No dictator to issue orders you must follow.

No concentration camps whose walls harbor secrets of horror and tragedy.

No long, cold, dreary days of waiting in line for a crust of bread.

No bombed cathedrals and churches.

Freedom isn't only flag saluting and patriotic speeches.

It's a tired workman trudging home from work, knowing that he will find his family safe.

It's a geranium in a little window box trying to survive amid the dirt and heat of tenement houses.

It's a government class publicly stating their likes and dislikes of democracy and dictatorships.

It's a little child saying his prayers in the evening.

It's the right that boys and girls have to a good education.

It's you listening to your favorite radio program without fear of arrest.

It's a young lad drawing a library book that isn't filled with propaganda.

These are but a few of the privileges we enjoy in this liberty-loving country. Freedom must be kept alive in our hearts if we are to survive as a nation of justice and liberty.

OUR SLANT on things

Why Teachers Have

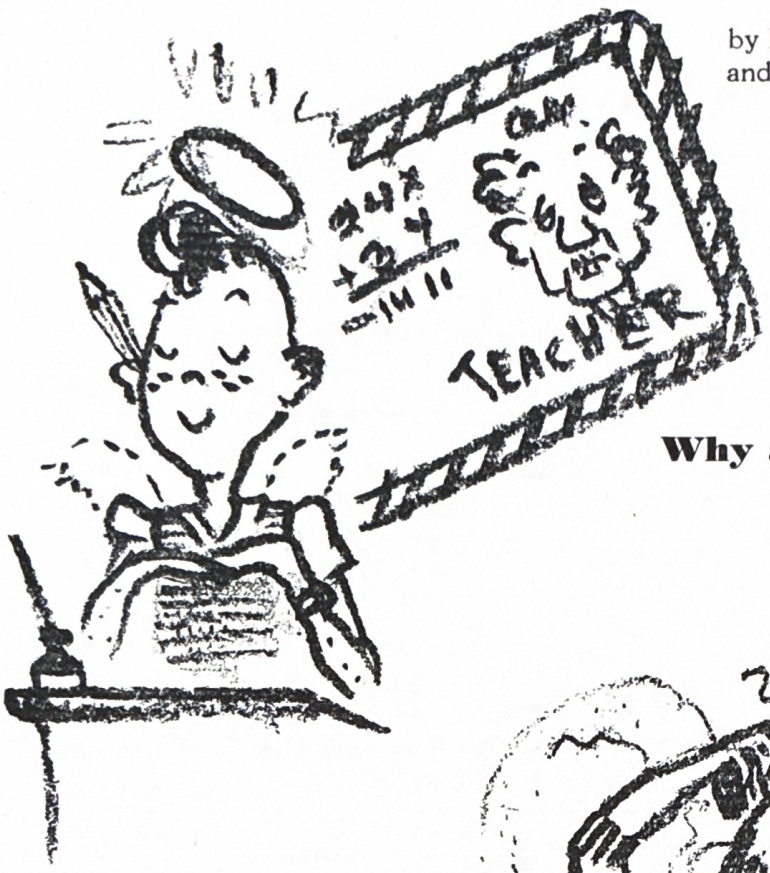
TANTRUMS

or . . .

The way to a teacher's heart ain't through a thumb tack!

"One Foot in Heaven" . . . or hot water!

by ELAINE DILL, '42
and JACK CHRISTIANSEN, '43



Why angels have wings

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

What youse got fer Number 12?

MARY

A smart girl who found that smiling is most effective when an education is at stake

by RUTH SCHUMACHER '42

SECOND PLACE SKETCH

THE KITCHEN was not a large room. An impoverished look revealed itself in every corner. It seemed hopelessly battered; the floor was dark brown around the sides and worn out in the middle. One well-used twenty-five watt bulb, dangling from a homely black cord, supplied the light. The low, plastered walls had been calcimined first blue, then green; and streaks of both intermingled with patches of mud-colored marks, presenting a disgusting sight. A large, clumsy wood range, dull and worn in appearance, with lids that needed blackening, cooked the foods and heated the house. An old-fashioned table, with a homemade leg, stood in the center of the room, and a sink by the window held a few dishes left over from an evening snack.

Mary paid little attention to these details as she shuffled lazily into the desolate kitchen. Wrapped in a cheap, shabby rayon kimono, her blond hair tousled and full of lint from the wool blanket, she seemed to blend perfectly with the surroundings. Regarding Mary more closely, you would notice that she was a pretty girl. Firm curves outlined her youthful, slender body, and her tiny feet seemed perfect for the prince's glass slipper. Shadows silhouetted her countenance so that even her complexion seemed dull and lifeless. Her bluish-gray eyes wore a depressed look, as if all of her life would be spiritless, unhappy, and useless.

Because Mary and her three little sisters slept in the same bedroom, she finished her dressing in the kitchen.

"Mary, Mary!" A sharp shrill voice came from the doorway. "What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock, Mother," she answered softly.

"You certainly make enough noise. Can't you let me sleep? You'd think at least you should have some consideration for me! Here I let you go to that silly school and waste your time when you could help your poor, sick mother. But I'll fix you! There'll be dishes to wash and plenty of ironing to do when you get home. Mary! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, mother," she sighed patiently. "I'm going to school now. Goodbye."

Death

by MARJORIE MILEY '43

For some
Death severs the cloth of life
With one swift, painless swath.

For others
It is cut slowly, painfully,
Thread by thread.

with the dawn

by RUTH BUTZ '42

FIRST PLACE SHORT STORY

STEPHAN WAS utterly exhausted when he fell on the hard cot in his seventh floor garret late in the afternoon. Darkness was filtering through the musty skylight, but sleep would not come. Haggard and hollow-eyed, he lay there thinking.

"Oh, what's the use . . . I can't go on like this . . . puttering around on that painting for weeks and it's fit for the river . . . maybe I am, too . . . but I couldn't leave Margo . . . how can I call it "Beggars in the Marketplace" when the beggars look like oafs lolling on a beach . . . why *can't* I get those expressions? . . . with my dollar and twenty-eight cents I can't eat much longer . . . sure, Margo took my Gethsemane scene to that boss of hers . . . but it'll be the same as with this thing . . . I've got to get some money someplace . . . if I had a decent place to live and something besides bread and sausage to eat maybe I could be an artist . . . money . . . there . . . is . . . that . . . little cafe on the corner—no one would be there at this time . . . that silly boy would certainly . . ."

Jumping up quickly, Stephan grabbed his coat and hat. Seizing the heavy iron candleholder from a shelf, he darted for the door. Hand on doorknob he paused, a look of hesitancy on his drawn face. Slowly his expression changed to that of hardness, and with a cold glitter in his eyes, he slammed the door and bounded down the dark stairs of the tenement.

. . . . . .

Snow flurries filled the night air. Along a dimly lighted street darted a sinister figure. Hugging the buildings, coat collar turned up, hat over his eyes, Stephan proceeded. He reached a window . . . paused . . . looked in . . . then sauntered over to the doorway. Glancing hurriedly over his shoulder, he encountered a small boy standing before the window. Muttering something under his breath, he moved forward into the cafe.

"Now . . . I'm ready . . . hah . . . this is the best time I could have picked . . . lull after the dinner hour . . . no one in here . . . where is that boy? . . . wish he'd come . . . getting jittery waiting . . . this iron candleholder's all ready . . . wish he'd hurry . . . better look outside . . . see if any one is coming . . . there . . . I'm over to the window . . . who's that boy stand - - - what's he—that child! . . . the *look* on his face . . . eager . . . longing— why, he's starv- - -"

"Is there something for you, sir?" A young boy stood behind the counter.

"What? . . . why, no . . . yes! I'd like several of those small cakes from the window."

. . . . . .

Stephan slammed his garret door, struggled out of his coat, picked up the candleholder that fell from it - - and rushed over to his brushes.

. . . . . .

Dawn came peeping in to the skylight of the seventh floor in a tenement house. The shadows of darkness merged into discernible objects of the room. Sprawled on the cot in a dim corner lay Stephan, a pale sunbeam playing around the corners of his unconscious smile. An eager little tap sounded on the door. Blinking at the sunbeam, Stephan sat up slowly and gave a hoarse command.

The door burst open; a girl rushed into the room, bubbling over with words.

"Stephan—oh Stephan darling! He liked it! And without even selling it he gave you $50! And he said—"

"Whoa—wait a minute," Stephan broke in. "Now begin again and talk slower. We have loads of time—the sun is just coming up. And some day you'll swallow your tongue and *then* how you'd suffer—having to stay quiet."

Starting again, she clasped her hands in front of her and announced: "Mr. Forester likes it. He is my employer —remember? And I took him your

(*Continued on page 51*)

Prelude

by BETTYMAE SILBERSACK '43

SLOWLY AND cautiously I made my way across the ocean of floor, till I stood directly parallel to the faint chalk line from which I was to deliver my short explanation of the piece I was going to play. My voice did an out-to-lunch act and my mouth seemed to be stuffed with a substance similar to cotton batting. Looking over the footlights didn't help that sinking feeling any, and desperately I tried to collect my poise. Finally after an eternity had passed, I opened my trembling lips and discovered my voice had come back without notice, and parrot-like I delivered my address.

I made the journey to the piano without mishap except for stumbling over a crack in the floor. Seated on the bench I arranged my ruffles to reduce the creasing to a minimum, and I hesitatingly played the opening bars. The perspiration oozing from my finger tips made the keys alarmingly slippery, and the quaking of my knees made correct pedaling a near impossibility. However, this was offset by the fact that I hadn't yet forgotten the notes, but all good things must come to an end; and during an extremely difficult passage on the second page, my memory did a complete fadeout. Intuition told me to skip to the third page. Obeying the impulse, I finished the piece without further complications.

Faltering, I left the bench and dropped a deep curtsy which I had spent weeks perfecting before the mirror. No applause greeted me, only a deep, profound silence.

Tonight I was only practicing. Tomorrow would be the day.

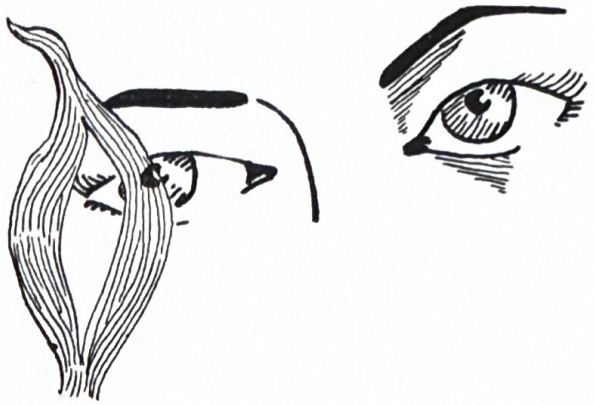
His paraphernalia

by HARRIET HEISE '42

GLUE, MATCHES, knives, socks, pipes, money, pictures, and a hammer were just a few of the many things that cluttered up his dresser. A snapshot of a pretty girl was pasted in the center of his mirror. A tennis racket, fishing tackle, and his bow and arrows decorated the radiator. Rugs were scuffed and the dog was chewing one of the many shoes lying under the bed. A stuffed squirrel, a fish, and a gopher were artistically placed on his wardrobe. The dresser drawers were a mess. The socks and ties were stuffed in the handkerchief drawer and the handkerchiefs were in a cigar box.

He is getting dressed for his big date. He has washed his hair and is running around the house with his hat on to avoid a draft. Now he is completely dressed and set to go. His hair is neatly combed and his face shines with cleanliness. His shoes are well-polished, his nails cleaned, and the crease in his pants is sharp. He is a picture of the well-dressed gentleman.

The next day wrinkled neckties and shirts are still lying on the bed. A dripping bottle of shampoo is standing on the dresser with a wet towel heaped on top of it. The dresser drawers are in a mess, and the dog is busily chewing a leather belt. The rugs are scuffed and the shoe polish is lying under the dresser. The money is gone and a photograph of a different girl decorates the center of the mirror.



Tell Me

by JEANNE McCONNELL '42

SECOND PLACE POETRY

ILLUSTRATED BY SHIRLEY WEDERTZ '42

Tiny flame - - -
How many lamps have held your light?
How many fires were yours at night?

Timid flame - - -
Why do you shimmer when I stare?
Why do you twist because I'm there?

Tinted flame - - -
Where have you gained such brilliant hue?
Where have those colors entered you?

I see your ever-changing form
Before two drowsy eyes.
And why you do not answer me
I cannot realize.

parodies . . .

'Twas The End Of The Series

(A parody on 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS)

by LOIS NIELSEN '44

SECOND PLACE PARODY (Tie)

'Twas the end of the series, and all through
the town,
Not a cheer could be heard, for Brooklyn
fell down.
The bets had been placed by the people
with care,
In hope that the pennant, soon would be
there.

The people all nestled snug in their beds,
While visions of pennants danced in their
heads.
The kids were in the bleachers and pop in
in his box,
To watch their Petey Reiser, steal bases
like a fox.

When out on the field there rose such a clat-
ter,
We sprang from our seats to see what was
the matter.
Then on to the diamond the players did
dash,
To whip the ball around, just like a flash.

The people's high hopes soon began to fall
low,
When Higbe's fast ball was kind of slow.
Then Wyatt came out and pitched a game,
That made those Yanks look kind of tame.

But the Yankees so powerful and quick,
Made dem Bums again look sick.
The final game came to a very sad close,
With Durocher's boys having their troubles
and woes.

Now Wyatt, now Higbe, now Herman and
Reiser,
With Owen, with Camilli, Davis, and Walker,
Are the talk of the papers, are the talk of the
town;
But not as heroes; heroes don't fall down.

Mein Kampf

(A parody on WE THREE)

by PATRICIA GESELL '44

SECOND PLACE PARODY (Tie)

We three, we're all alone.
No one else exists, you see,
Just Josef, Benito, and me.
We three, we weren't a crowd,
But now the world's
Too small for three,
For Josef, Benito, and me.
I can't rule all Europe
With two interfering,
So I've formed a plan:
First I'll stab Benito
And then I'll shoot Josef
And then I'll be king of the land.
We three, we were good pals,
But I can't trust them, you see;
So I'll kill them—
Then there'll be only me.

Through The War

(A parody on ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT)

by BETTYMAE SILBERSACK '43

FIRST PLACE PARODY

Sleep, my child while fire surrounds thee,
All through the war.
Roaring guns will ever greet thee,
All through the war.
Red and bright the rockets flaring,
Men and boys with all their daring
Will defend and guard and keep thee,
All through the war.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK CHRISTIANSEN '43

The Gentle Touch

(A parody on BA-BA BLACK SHEEP)

by HANS KABOTH '44

Father, father,
Have you any dough?
No, son, no, son, I am low;
Some for the income tax,
Some for the wife,
The rest for the children,
Boy! What a life!

Work

(A parody on SCHOOL DAYS)

by HELEN JEANNE LEDVINA '43

School days, school days
Workin' slavin' school days
Latin and French and biology
Chemistry, physics and history;
We thought it was an awful chore
When the teachers gave us homework galore,
But now we've got just ten times more
Because we've a couple of kids!

Ode To A Dictator

(A parody on THREE LITTLE FISHIES)

by RUTH BRODERICK '44

SECOND PLACE PARODY (Tie)

Down in the meddy in an itty-bitty pool,
Two bat-tleships are in an itty-bitty duel,
"Win," said der mighty leader, "win if oo tan,"
So they won and they won 'til the battle began.

Chorus:
Boop boop der mighty Fueher wat-tem scalps;
Boop boop der mighty Fueher wat-tem scalps;
Boop boop der mighty Fueher wat-tem scalps;
So he met Il Duce on a train in the Alps.

"Stop!" said the President, or oo will be lost!
But the gweat big leader didn't wanna be bossed.
The mighty Fueher then tried to invade;
The jig's up now, so he's learned how to wade.

Chorus:
Boop boop der mighty Fueher wat-tem war;
Boop boop der mighty Fueher wat-tem war;
Boop boop der mighty Fueher wat-tem war;
And he's dot more than he bar-gained for.

As You Like 'Em . . .

from To Love

by PATRICIA DAVIS '43

In a world of war there is no room for you, Love. The inspiration in man now is Hate. When the war is over, you will return and bring peace with you.

Simile

by ROSELLA LEIST '43

Glittering snowflakes
Flutter earthward,
Like transient feathers
Falling from
The leaden sky.

Departure

by BETTYMAE SILBERSACK '43

A shrill cry,
A white speck
Framed in a turquoise sky;
The soul of a lost seaman,
  Plunging,
    Drifting,
      Soaring,
        Heavenbound . . .
A seagull.

from The Warrior

by CREIGHTON KELLEY '44

The spiny cactus in battle array,
Staunchly stands guard, through the long day.
Valiantly battling winds and sand,
Only firm resolution at its command.

Flowers Like People

by DELORES WICKE '43

Some flowers are flashy to the eye
  And take the center of the room,
While some are sensitive and shy
  And must be coaxed to bloom.

Grotesque

by AUDREY PLAUTZ '43

Flaming red
Faintly menacing
Sharp edged
Slightly curved
  Fingernails.

The Dawn Of War

by RUTH BRODERICK '44

The dawn comes, with
Long red gashes
In the gray of the sky.

The war comes, with
Red, wet rivulets
In the pages of time.

crimson STAINS

by BERNICE RAPP '43

The snow-white purity of her gown reminds me of many things:

A nurse on an errand of mercy.

A beautiful bride standing in radiant splendor.

The fleecy clouds of a summer day.

The cool bed sheets I crawl between at night.

Her quiet and serene beauty penetrates my mind and erases all worldly cares from it. I silently thank God that I am able to look upon her in such peaceful surroundings.

Mother Earth is all decked out in her magnificence in China, the country directly through the globe from us. Tears threaten to come to my eyes as I think of the red stains that will ruin her dress there. Red stains that aren't spilled from wine glasses, but from the bodies of men. Ugly, dark crimson patches will break the purity of the white gown.

In many other war-torn countries, the thoughts of depressed people will stray from the havoc and slaughter to to the purity and peace the white gown signifies. Their eyes will be directed heavenward as they pray that Mother Earth's gown will no longer be stained with crimson.

DESTINY

by LAVERNE KATTNER '43

The road of destiny
Winds continuously in rounding curves
As a gnarled tree of God's making,
Finding its way, never ending,
Climbing upward,
Not knowing when to stop.

This road shall go on no matter what,
Or—when,
Or—who
Shall try to end it.
It is continuous and will stay that way.
No one will know where it will end
For him!

let's view WHAT'S NEW

Salud!
A South American Journal

by Margaret Banning

by OLIVE JAGODINSKY '43

FIRST PLACE REVIEW

Diaries and journals are fascinating to read if deftly written. Margaret Banning has skillfully woven the romance of a South American pleasure trip into a daily journal. Far from being a geographical lesson, *Salud*! is a narrative of the author herself, chucked full of personal experience to delight the most critical fiction reader. Geography, historical background, and personalities are so intermixed that at no time does any one predominate.

Grace notes, written at sea, begin the story; then the South American experiences start, extending from Colombia to Brazil, and including the entire coastal region of the continent. Although you are immune to the lure of travel or allergic to flying and seasickness, this tale will never prove dull. Scattered sketches by Rafaelo Busoni enliven the book considerably.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK CHRISTIANSEN '43

Much of the description is of people rather than scenery. Mrs. Banning, acquainted with many Latin leaders, presents a detailed picture of their elite society.

There are numerous hints regarding typical oddities which may aid prospective South American visitors and will greatly amuse any reader. Rule 1—Remember to shake hands with every one. As Mrs. Banning wittily commented, "The first thing you do in South America is to shake hands. It is the last thing you do. And in between times you develop an extra muscle in your arm."

Informal style and colorful conversation add much to the interest of the book. But a deeper meaning prevails throughout the pages, unspoken, yet vividly implied. It is a plea for better understanding between the Americas. This book can be a pleasant way of furthering such an end. And so, for a fine piece of literature, salud, Margaret Banning!

Blood, Sweat and Tears

by Winston Churchill

by MARIE LOEF '43

In *Blood, Sweat and Tears*, Great Britain's Prime Minister speaks for the democratic way of life, for all peoples who are today engaged in the world-wide struggle to preserve their freedom against tyranny.

Mr. Churchill's candor has done more than anything else to save the democratic system in Britain. This book is a collection of speeches dating back to May 5, 1938. As literature, the book is not what it should be. The words were written to be spoken; but as a record of prophecy, the book is inspiring.

Of course, there are the often-quoted Churchill phrases such as his tribute to the R. A. F. pilots, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

All through the speeches, he is not concerned so much with problems of economic security as with keeping "the free, old, independent island" safe from foreign domination in this dangerous period of the bombing plane.

He is always calling for planes, planes, and more planes, and constantly tries to make comparisons with the German schedule. He begs the people to remember that there is so much to do, and so little time in which to do it.

Churchill knows that power rules the world, he also knows that money itself is not power in wartime until it has been converted into instruments of war. Churchill cares more for speaking his own mind than he does for holding office. With such types of men, democracy must continue to succeed.

Citizen Kane

by ROBERT PEHRSON '44

SECOND PLACE REVIEW

Once in a generation, a motion picture comes along and rocks the very foundation of Hollywood. A very remarkable young man has written, produced, directed, and acted in such a masterpiece. Flicker Town will not soon forget the young man, Orson Welles, and his picture, *Citizen Kane*.

It is the story of William Randolph Hearst, who used all his great influence to prevent the release of his cinema biography. It is easy to see why Mr. Hearst was so perturbed about this picture; so many obvious parallels are drawn between Hearst's life and that of Charles Foster Kane. One recalls Mr. Hearst's fabulous art-filled castle at San Simeon, California, in Kane's Xanadu. Hearst inherited a great deal of money just as Citizen Kane does. Hearst was never elected to any public office; Kane failed in his political ventures.

Whenever photography is superlatively fine in a motion picture, you can be reasonably certain that Gregg Toland, Hollywood's ace cameraman, had something to do with it. Mr. Toland can be proud of his work in *Citizen Kane*. Only a master craftsman could have done such a magnificent job in helping tell the story of Charles Foster Kane's life.

Citizen Kane did not, with the exception of Welles, have a single "star" in the cast, but each one of the "unknowns" turned in an outstanding performance.

It is hoped that Mr. Welles and his Mercury Theater Players will not be influenced by economic temptations and the California sunshine to "Go Hollywood," for it is sad but true that *Citizen Kane* could not have been produced by the Hollywood method of doing things. But Orson Welles will always be Orson Welles, for which lovers of good entertainment can be grateful.

To A Drum Major

by JEANNE McCONNELL '42

I saw you lead a band today.
You stood erect; you seemed so proud.
I wondered if you'd glance my way,
But hopes were vanquished by that crowd.

In uniform you looked so grand;
I could have cried; instead I beamed,
And gave a cheer—(musician's brand)
For everything I've ever dreamed.

A Wedding

by ROBERT KAPPELMANN '42

This was to be an important day in his life. He instinctively breathed deeper and squared his shoulders as he thought about it. And he was glad that he had squandered a whole month's salary on a new wardrobe for this special occasion. Such an attendance had not been expected. But then, he contemplated, a wedding always drew a large crowd.

The bride was lovely, dressed in a flowing pink gown. He was glad he had suggested violets for her corsage. The pale blue flowers set off her flushed oval face so well. Yes, she was a woman any man would be proud of!

But her beauty was not her only virtue. She was such a divine dancer. She seemed to float in your arms. He recalled that first dance he had had with her. It was at the X——— Ballroom at her brother's wedding. How thrilled he had been when she had consented to go home with him.

Ah, yes, and how many women of this age could cook? The pastry she baked simply melted in your mouth. It almost broke her heart when he had joked about one cake that had fallen.

And now she came slowly, gracefully toward the altar. She looked so frail, leaning on her father's arm. The poor man looked sorrowful. Who wouldn't, he reflected, losing a daughter as fine as she.

A strange calm came over him as the ceremony began. Events seemed to pass by as in a dream.

Oh, now, where was that ring? Why did the best man always have to lose the ring anyhow? Oh, yes, here it was. That took a load off his mind.

After it was all over, he paused a while at the main door. Yes, he reflected, being best man at a wedding has its responsibilities.

Wrong size?

by WILLIAM SCHWARZ '43
SECOND PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY

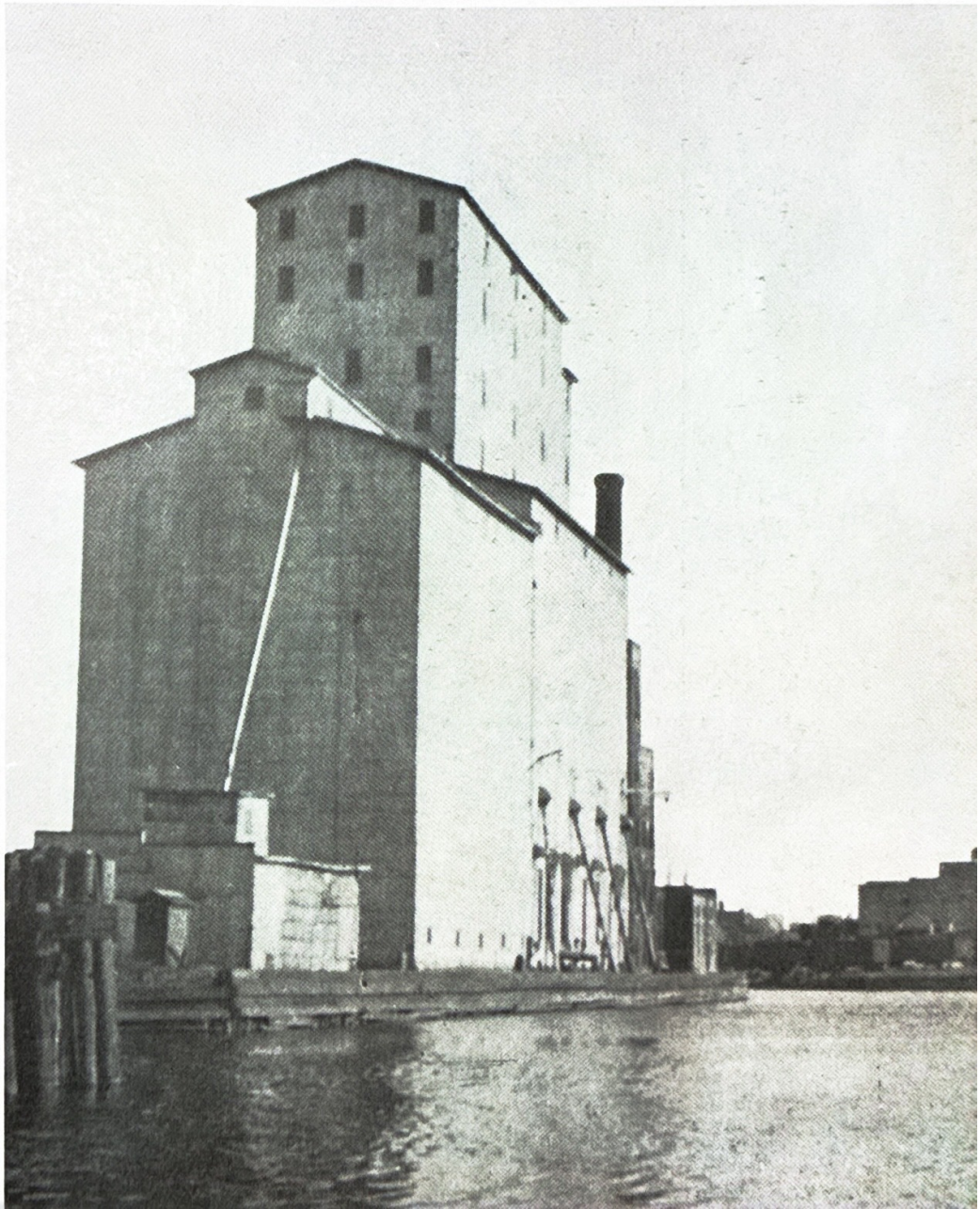
"Huckleberry" Schwarz

by ROGER RULSEH '43

FIRST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY

by SUZANNE VANDER ZANDEN '43

Reflections



Five-Year-Old

by MARVIN PANKRATZ '42

from what THEY SAID —

Jimmy Frosh

(A parody on YANKEE DOODLE)

by BETTYMAE SILBERSACK '43

Oh, Jimmy Frosh went to school
A-driving his jalop-py.
He took a corner on two wheels
And did it rather slop-py.
Jimmy Frosh, don't give up!
Jimmy Frosh, by-gory!
Read the rules and keep in line
And then you won't be sorry.

Dawn

by GLADYS ROBERTS '44

Like a mischievous child
Peeping over a hill,
The sun rose—
Until
With the radiance of youth
It brightened the countryside,
Sullen and austere.

from Youth—Freedom, Equality, Justice

by JOAN TVETEN '44

America is young. It has the youth of dances and jazz, of football and saddle shoes, of juke boxes.

But America is not all fun. It has its serious side. Youth makes a serious wish. A wish for freedom, equality, and justice.

from Youth, Its Place In The World

by ROBERT PEHRSON '44

Life is a continuous battle between the young and the old. Yes, everywhere this unseen struggle goes on in never ceasing, though carefully guarded fury. Youth soon learns that it must *take*, for it never will be *given*, its just place in the affairs of the world.

First Snowfall

by PATRICIA DAVIS '43

Late one evening
All the little diamond stars
Came falling down,
And covered the cold, hard earth
With a twinkling counterpane.

Peace

by JEANNE McCONNELL '42

Floppy little paws of black
Rest solemnly beside his head.
A stumpy tail at last is still
Because he's tired; a dog's "in bed."

Playing Cupid?

by ARLINE PAUSTIAN '43

I
will be ever grateful
to that tiny moonbeam.

It
slithered down upon us
and bathed us in silver.

He
proposed to me last night
there, while the moonbeam played.

And the man in the moon didn't frown
At the messenger he had sent down.

REFLECTIONS and inflections

by MARGARET VOSS '42

Each morning, approximately twenty-five girls gather before a 4'x1' mirror to comb their hair. This allows each of the girls .16 of a square foot in which to beam or scowl at her reflection. Of course, you can't see anything, but what's the difference? The only reason you've come is because you know this is the best time to catch up on "what's what?"

In every gathering of this kind there are three definite types of girls. They're not hard to distinguish, for they're known by all.

First, there is the sweet, alert type—always on the lookout for some one to appear in a new garment and always ready with two comments—one for the wearer and one slyly addressed to an intimate friend in a sotto voice. For instance: Sweet and Alert is rather bored for want of a chance to exhibit her ability to cite anything new. Suddenly, her countenance undergoes a complete change. Hope, followed by a glint of satisfaction, registers in her eyes and she becomes effervescent with praises for May's new permanent wave. After this eruption, Miss Alert is quite sure that May is elated at her praise. Then she "lets loose" with what she really thinks. Remarks, like: "I didn't like it, did you?" and "Gosh, it's stringy" are sure to follow.

Comprising the second group are the dig-givers. They, in turn, may be divided into the belligerent and the subtle types. For example: May has already passed the sweet and alert group and they've assured her that any time Lana Turner or Hedy Lamarr breaks an ankle, all the directors need do is put in a call for May. The dig-givers eye her curiously and then the one who weakens first under the strain of suspense drops the bait. She'll innocently remark—oh it will seem innocent enough—"Why May, a new permanent again?" Then fur flies!

(Continued on page 59)

Reminiscence
IN COLOR

by MARY ANN HUBERTY '42

Some day I'm going to make a patchwork quilt. It won't be the usual kind of quilt. Grandmothers made their quilts of somber, woolen patches. Their quilts were made for warmth. Mine will be a huge rectangle of riotous color, the patches cut from any materials I fancy—memory materials.

I must begin saving patchwork pieces soon. Outmoded dresses, torn summer blouses, all have separate occurrences connected with them. Each is a key to a memory.

When I have my quilt all made, I'll use it as a coverlet on my bed. And those moments upon waking when I just must lie in bed with open eyes can be filled with memories. I'll select about two patches every morning and just remember . . .

Oh, the blue plaid square! I wore that blue shirt the day we hiked through the pine woods up north. I'll never forget that wonderful summer at the cottage . . .

And the white organdy . . . my first prom. Ah, that was an evening. It was warm and the music was soft and . .

The faded pink cotton . . . of course, the summer at camp. Golly, those pink shorts knew what hard wear was! I wonder if the old fence I tore them on is still standing . . . it was so rickety.

The green wool? Of course, I wore that dress on the New Year's Eve I spilled punch on the priceless Oriental rug. I almost cried in front of everybody . . .

The printed silk . . . um, I thought that silk dress was the height of fashion that night. I wore it at my first recital. Funny, I never liked it after I played my piece . . .

And the white velvet . . .

I'm going to make a patchwork quilt, some day.

Fate

by ROSELLA LEIST '43

Fate moves
On winged feet
Hither and yon.
Not caring,
Nor daring,
To linger on.

Common Sense?

by AUDREY PLAUTZ '43

Frostbitten fingers,
Rheumatic legs,
Windblown hair,
Cozy feet
In snow boots.

The Submarine

by BETTE PHALEN '43

The submarine is a funny fish,
Cargo ships are its favorite dish,
Cruisers serve as the appetizers,
But "chasers" are its terrorizers.

A Black Cat

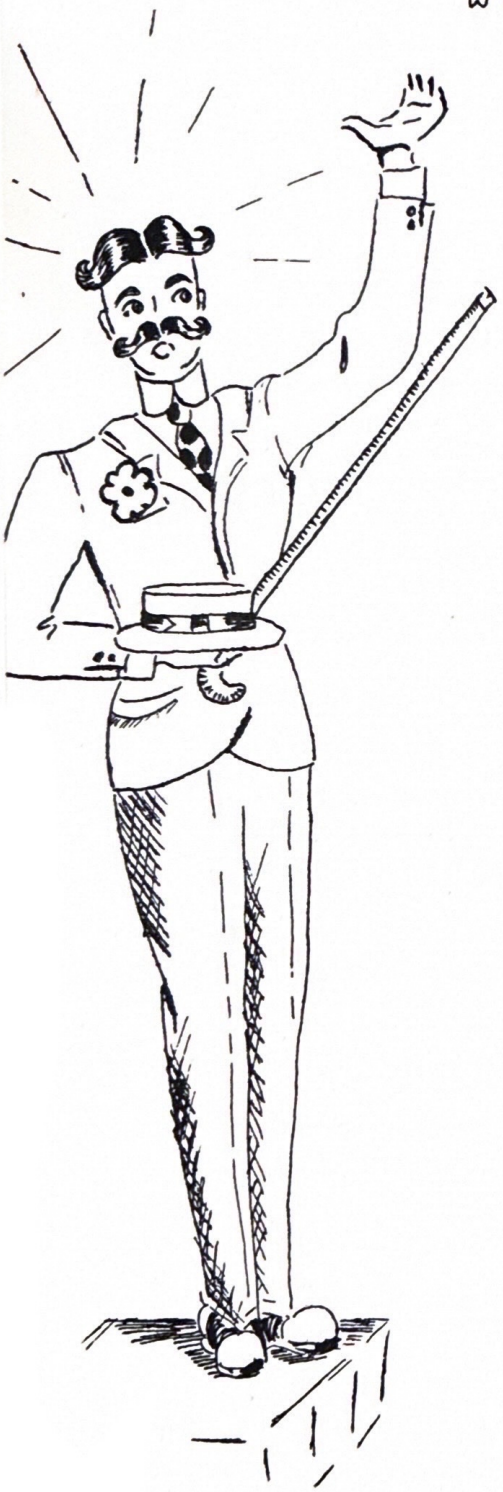
(In the manner of Carl Sandburg)

by MARJORIE MILEY '43

A black cat
Comes into the path of light.
Blinks,
And then
Blends into the night again.

LADIES AND GENTLE

ANNOUNCING . . .



EDITORIAL

First Place: **America's Triple Threat**.....Patricia Bonar, '43
(A Tie) **Perspective**.....Mary Pollock, '43
Second Place: **Self-Government**.....Lorraine Schuette, '43

Honorable Mention:
Jane Schmitz, '42
Marjorie Miley, '43
Edith Fricke, '42
Marie Loef, '43
June Jole, '42
Mary Brady, '42
Audrey Plautz, '43
Ruth Schumacher, '42
Helen Jeanne Ledvina, '43
Patricia Davis, '43
Janet Bruechert, '42

ESSAY

First Place: **The Other Side of the Mountain**..Robert Pehrson, '44
Second Place: **Mutual Agreement**.....Jane Schmitz, '42

Honorable Mention:
Robert Pehrson, '44
Ruth Schumacher, '42
Olive Jagodinsky, '43
Janet Bruechert, '42
Olive Jagodinsky, '43
Mary Ann Huberty, '42
Charles Kollath, '42
Jane Schmitz, '42
Bettymae Silbersack, '43

ART

First Place: .....Jack Christiansen, '43
Second Place: .....Peter Jenkyn, '42
(A Tie) .....Jack Christiansen, '43

Honorable Mention:
Merle Hansen, '43 Jack Christiansen, '43 Peter Jenkyn, '42

PARODY

First Place: **Through the War** .....Bettymae Silbersack, '43
Second Place: **Ode to a Dictator**.....Ruth Broderick, '44
(A Tie) **Mein Kampf**.....Patricia Gesell, '44
'Twas the End of the Series.....Lois Nielsen, '44

Honorable Mention:
Hans Kaboth, '44
Helen Jeanne Ledvina, '43
Bettymae Silbersack, '43
William Hansen, '43
Robert Rosinsky, '43
Joan Tveten, '44
LaVonne Knuth, '43
Merle Hansen, '43
Patricia Gesell, '44
Merle Hansen, '43
Arline Paustian, '43
Loris Houghton, '42
Bettymae Silbersack, '43

REVIEW

First Place: **Salud! A South American Journal**..Olive Jagodinsky, '43
Second Place: **Citizen Kane** ..... Robert Pehrson, '44

Honorable Mention:
Robert Pehrson, '44
Jeanne McConnell, '42
Mary Ziesler, '42
Charles Kollath, '42
Marie Loef, '43
Olive Jagodinsky, '43
Robert Pehrson, '44
Janice Tidmarsh, '42
Charlotte Trombla, '43
Robert Pehrson, '44
Rosalie Kutil, '42

PHOTOGRAPHY

First Place: ..... Roger Rulseh, '43
Second Place: .....William Schwarz, '43

Honorable Mention:
Roger Rulseh, '43
Suzanne Vander Zanden, '43

MEN! THE WINNERS!

POETRY

First Place: **Victims Are They** ..... June Jole, '42
Second Place: **Tell Me** ..... Jeanne McConnell, '42
Honorable Mention:
Mary Pollock, '43
Carol Zeddies, '43
Jeanne McConnell, '42
Marjorie Miley, '43
Betty Jane Lewis, '44
Marjorie Miley, '43
Anita Westphal, '42
Laura June Waak, '43
Audrey Plautz, '43
Ruth Schumacher, '42
Creighton Kelley, '44
Mary Pollock, '43
Anita Westphal, '42
Bernice Rapp, '43
Audrey Plautz, '43
LaVerne Kattner, '43
Patricia Gesell, '44
Ruth Broderick, '44
Mary Pollock, '43

SHORT STORY

First Place: **With the Dawn** ..... Ruth Butz, '42
Second Place: **They Never Met** ..... Rosalie Kutil, '42
Honorable Mention:
Ruth Broderick, '44
Clarie Bauer, '43
Elaine Krainik, '42
Shirley Ploederl, '42
Jane Vnuk, '43
John Dalrymple, '42
Evelyn Evenson, '42
Wesley Champion, '44
Gloria Glander, '44
Lansing Hooper, '44
Charlotte Trombla, '43

SKETCH

First Place: **Business Before Pleasure** ..... Ruth Broderick, '44
Second Place: **Mary** ..... Ruth Schumacher, '42
Honorable Mention:
Harriet Heise, '42
Ruth Broderick, '44
Marjorie Miley, '43
Andria Jenkyn, '44
Rosella Leist, '43
Bernice Rapp, '43
Lucille Hartlaub, '43
Genevieve Nemetz, '44
Vivian Busse, '44
Mary Ann Huberty '42
Laura Mae Braunel, '42
Lorraine Schuette, '43
Patricia Bonar, '43
Bettymae Silbersack, '43
Harlan Olson, '43

ADVERTISING

First Place: ..... Bernice Rapp, '43
Second Place: ..... Rosalie Kutil, '42

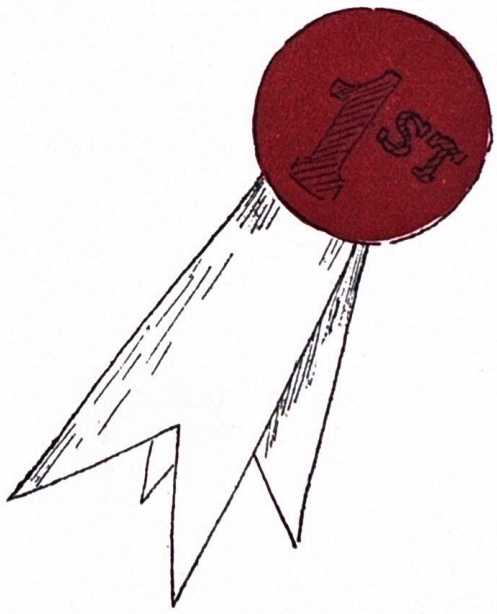
COMMITTEE ON JUDGING

James G. Magill, Chairman

Rex John
Muriel Batz
Cleeta Pultz
Lillian Miegel
Janet Strathearn
Thomas Williams
Rufin Boyd
Frances Ritchie
Noble Anderson
Edwin Erickson
Clementine Dolan

Verna Rudolph, Statistician

ILLUSTRATED BY MERLE HANSEN '43



A TRIBUTE To Mr. Hitler

by JANE SCHMITZ '42

I would like to pay a tribute to you, Mr. Hitler.

There's no doubt that your name will go down in history as did Napoleon's, Washington's, and many others. Historians will claim and praise you as one of the most powerful and colorful figures in the world, and people from all parts of the country will flock to your tomb to see the once great man of the Nazi party in Germany. But I do not want to praise you for your greatness, for I do not consider "greatness" a quality in a person that is based only on historians' facts.

Nor do I want to praise you for the many things you have done. I shall overlook your treatment of inferior races, the intolerance with which you treat religion, your cruel and inhuman ways, and your jest at the countries that you have conquered.

But I would like to pay a tribute to you for teaching me and showing me what democracy really is. You see, I always took democracy as a matter of fact—and never really paid any attention to the one real essential my forefathers fought for.

When you came into power, you made me realize what it really means to be living in the United States under the rule of democracy—and not under the bloody hand of a regime of one totalitarian state.

I really never knew democracy could mean so much. But I now realize that newspapers, schools, churches, radio programs, and even conversations mean so much to one who lives in a democracy, and could mean so much to one of your subjects!

And that's why I pay this "tribute." You see, people over here are happy, and they enjoy living their own lives—and all because they believe in two things: Democracy and America!

Flowing Thoughts

A river flows onward
Carrying with it
The thoughts I have discarded.

For a moment they are bright
Like stars on a hill.
They fade—and then
Flow along my river
Toward the mist of oblivion.

A river flows onward
Carrying with it
Forgotten poems.

by PATRICIA BONAR '43

"An essay is a literary composition on a special subject." So says the dictionary. Now the farthest thing from my mind is to dispute the definitions in the dictionary. "A dictionary is a book containing words of any language, arranged in alphabetical order and defined." Who could possibly dispute that majestic statement—except perhaps Mr. Webster or Mr. Funk of Funk and Wagnalls? However, I believe that in taking our last definition ("definition: a description *or* explanation of a word *or* thing.") apart, several faults may be found with it.

There is not doubt that a dictionary *is* a book — *that* statement, I think, we may safely take for granted. That it does contain words is also true, but of any language! Are we to allow words of *any* language to be inserted in our dictionaries? Think, I pray you, of the "younger generation." And what of fifth columnists who would then use our dictionaries for their code messages? If those arguments are not strong enough (and I'm sure they are to any upright citizen or any parent of ten or more offspring), may I respectfully ask you, of what possible use (besides to a stamp collector—and him —ha!) to you or me is the knowledge that ACObHbI ATPAA is a name for White Russia? You don't even know how to pronounce ("pronounce: to speak or utter out loud") it, do you? Neither do I (neither—nee—or ni—).

Now—"arranged in alphabetical order." Well! There's *certainly* no argument there. If ever *anything* was arranged in alphabetical order, it is the dictionary. From "A" to "zyzzle" (sizzle to us), one word follows another like the conversation at a sewing bee!

But! "—and defined." Have you ever heard of "cross" references? Well, here's something that would certainly cross you up and tie you in knots— "augite: an aluminous pyroxene found in igneous rock." Now, that's just a little *too* much to swallow. I'm a busy man. After all, I haven't got all day to page through the dictionary to look up the definitions of a definition. And defined . . ! Ye gods! I counted nineteen—not five, or even ten—but nineteen definitions for the simple, little, two-lettered word "up."

And did you ever realize that as a language, English is very pleonastic? (What does that mean? I wouldn't know—it's just a word I made up from "pleonasm"—English is the only language in which you can do something like that). For instance, take a word like "dolichocephalic"—only fifteen letters, isn't it? Yet all it means is that you have a "long skull"—*nine* letters. And if you ever want to know what a word like "velocipedestrianestracaladrianologist" (I made one mistake in the spelling—can you find it?) means, a word that you're likely to run across occasionally in the newspapers—where would you find it? Certainly not in one of the mere five-ounce pocket dictionaries—oh, no! You must dig into one of the twenty-pound tomes of knowledge that keep slipping off your lap and falling on the floor until they're nothing but a mass of loose pages which keep getting misplaced so that you most likely run across page 6491 when all you wanted was page 57.

Well—on second thought, perhaps I've been a bit pleonastic myself. How would I get mixed up without my dictionary?

THOUGHTS *when writing for English*

by JOHN DALRYMPLE '42

we're the ones

1942 MANITOU STAFF

EDITOR: Mary Ann Huberty . . . **ASSOCIATES:** Grace Gennrich, Jack Christiansen . . . . **ASSISTANTS:** Audrey Miller, Arline Paustian . . . . **ART:** Merle Hansen, Patricia Davis, Doris Burger, Richard Sheraski, Shirley Wedertz . . . . **BUSINESS MANAGER:** William Hansen . . . . **ADVERTISING MANAGER:** Elaine Dill . . . . **ASSOCIATES:** Bernice Rapp, Rosalie Kutil, Helen Jeanne Ledvina, Audrey Plautz, Lansing Hooper, Evelyn O'Neil, Patricia Bonar, Jeanne McConnell . . . . **ASSISTANTS:** Bette Phalen, Loris Houghton, Ruth Butz, Susan Eckels, Valla Gene Palmer, Jean Mangin, Larayne Mecca, Patricia Gesell, Mary Lou Schuette, Dorothy Glaeser, Alice Holsen, Ruth Broderick, Patricia Davis, Dorothy Vandenbusch, Mary Ellen Zingsheim, Marion Jachimstal, Louise Kasper, Jack Huberty, Charlotte Trombla, Millicent Saecker, Helen Neuhaus . . . **CIRCULATION MANAGERS:** Betty Lou Carey, Charles Daetz . . . . **ART ADVISER:** Mrs. Cleeta Pultz . . . . **GENERAL ADVISER:** Miss Margaret Reuter

Lincoln's Dream

by LA VONNE KNUTH '43

(A parody on ELMER'S TUNE)

Oh, there's Randolph, and Schwalbe, and Champagne, and Keys,
There's even Traurig, and Becker, and two Konecnys,
Plus Nello Pacetti who coaches the team . . .
They are Lincoln's dream.

Oh, their tackling, and passing, and blocking is great,
And in the eyes of the co-eds like Harmon they rate,
The red and white jerseys are their color scheme . . .
They are Lincoln's dream.

'Tention, 'tention, there're a few more we forgot to mention;
We know, you know, we haven't forgot, here's the rest of the lot:
There's also Weber and Franken, Knauer and Franz,
The "Fighting Irish" McKay and McDonnell have fans,
To be honest players is their true esteem . . .
They are Lincoln's dream.

HOTEL MANITOWOC

William H. O'Donnell — President and Manager

UNEQUALLED FOR:

- Appetizing Food
- Carefully Prepared
- Invitingly Served

ROOM TARIFF

75 ROOMS — Private Toilet — Running Water
$1.75 to $2.25
75 ROOMS — Private Bath
$2.50 to $3.00

Large, well-arranged sample rooms . . . banquet room . . . conference hall adaptable for conventions and sales conferences . . . Bar and Cocktail Service on Mezzanine Floor

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN
"On the Western Shore of Lake Michigan"
(Its harbor connects the East with the West)

Learn To Know Your

CITY OFFICIALS

Martin Georgenson	Mayor
W. C. Randolph	President
Arthur Post	Clerk
Earl F. Walter	Engineer
Edward Meyer	Attorney
William C. Herrmann	Treasurer
R. C. Herman	Assessor
Charles Plantico	Building Inspector
Alvin Krumm	Electrical Inspector
B. B. Morse	Sealer
Dr. R. G. Strong	Physician
Dr. Charles E. Wall	Health Commissioner
Dr. Harvey Vollendorf	Dentist
Whilomene Rentmeesters	Board of Health Nurse
Edward Pasewalk	Supt. Cemetery - Parks
John F. Gaedke	Fire Chief
J. J. Kuplic	Police Chief
Leslie Mangin	Recreational Director
Mrs. Catherine Rank	Relief Director
Wm. R. Reardon	Supt. Sewage Plant
Roy Vollendorf	Supt. Street Dept.
Ervin Gamm	Repair Shop

Board of Aldermen

Chester A. Plantico	First Ward	Wm. Schroeder
George Sladky	Second Ward	Charles L. Kunz
Edward Klusmeyer	Third Ward	Walter G. Koepke
Harry J. Mallon	Fourth Ward	W. C. Randolph
Harry Heagle	Fifth Ward	Clarence Klein
Delmar B. Hansen	Sixth Ward	Voida Olson
John J. Zagrodnik	Seventh Ward	Stanley Gretz

with the dawn

(*Continued from page 27*)

Gethsemane scene—remember? And darling! He gave me $50 for you without even selling it—or meeting you—said you were a natural—feeling your strokes—living your characters—and I should bring you to him—he's going to have you do illustrating for him—and I should bring him more of your work—and Stephan—now you can live in another place—and have—why, what's the matter, Stevie?"

"Come here, Margo." She sat down beside him. "Last night a strange thing happened. I was desperate. I went out to rob that little cafe on the corner—oh, don't look like that—I was desperate. I wanted money so I could eat and live decently and we could be married. Well—I got to the place and went in. I looked out the window and standing there was a little boy, looking at some cakes. Margo—*that* is the expression I wanted for my painting. The child was starving! I've never seen longing or hunger quite that intense. I went out again, and came back here to finish the *best* painting I've ever produced! I put that child's expression on the faces of the beggars—and it's my master-piece . . . . Funny how things all seem brighter with the dawn."

"Stevie—if he likes that other painting—think what this one will—why, what are we waiting for? Let's go to see Mr. Forester now, and camp on his doorstep till he gets there."

"Margo, honey—maybe we'll even have time to be married first!"

. . . . . .

A beautiful white covering of snow lies in the street, blinding in the morning sunlight. There is no one in sight except a man and a girl, walking slowly, hand in hand. The man carries a canvas under his arm. They are talking softly together, and her musical laughter rings out happily . . . . Now the sheet of snow is broken by two pair of footsteps—Stephan's and Margo's—walking into the brilliant but uncertain future.

TOPCOATS

- DISTINCTIVE STYLES
- NEW SPRING COLORS
- TRULY-FINE FABRICS
- BEAUTIFULLY TAILORED

All these features combined with enduring fit and smartness at prices you can afford to pay.

Drop in and look over our swell selections in Shirts, Ties and Sox that are really super.

THE
North End
Clothing Co.

JOURNALEZ! (a parody on SHORTNIN' BREAD)

by WILLIAM HANSEN '43

Twenty little niggers
A workin' off their heads
Holdin' down their journ'lism
Wid hunks o' lead.

Called for Miss Reuter
an' Miss Reuter says:
Fill yo' heads a fulla'
Journalez.

Chorus:
Teachers little niggers love
To study for a test.
Teachers little niggers try
To do their darn best.

Dey run up to der' locker
An' dey open up de' door,
Grabbed all der' books so
They could study some more!

Along come Mister Stangel,
An' he got 'em by de' ear:
Go sign de' book
Or you won't last here!

Chorus:
Teachers little niggers love
To study for a test.
Teachers little niggers try
To do their darn best.

Dey went to de' office
An' Miss Healy - - - Quote:
"Sign right here
Or we'll sink your boat!"

Dat ain't all dey's goin' to do
Dey's a-goin' to study their
Journ-al-is-m, too!

A. M. Richter Sons Co.

ESTABLISHED 1875

Manufacturers of

Pure Apple Cider Vinegar
Distilled White Vinegar
Compressed Yeast

Type, Men, and Machines . .

These are employed in setting type . . . . Mere setting of type does not necessarily result in good advertising typography. Type and machines are the material with which typographic monstrosities are often created by men who do not have the interest, the skill, nor the knowledge of properly combining the material with which they are working.

•

COLOR CRAFT PRINTERS, Inc.

Fit as a Fiddle and Ready for Work!

After dinner tonight, take a run down town,
. . . . SEE A GOOD SHOW and lose yourself
from the hectic day just passed.

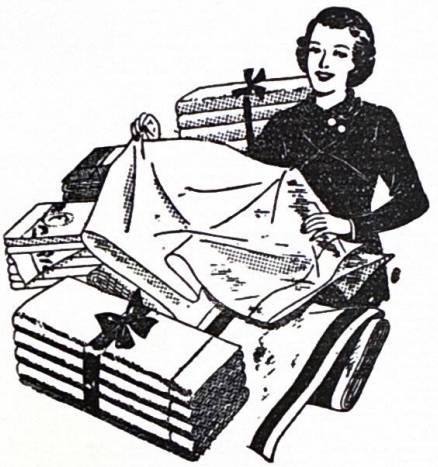
You'll leave the CAPITOL theatre refreshed
and ready for a good night's sleep.

The next morning you'll be "fit as a fiddle"
and ready for work.

CAPITOL

"The Amusement Center of Manitowoc"

Dry Cleaners and Launderers Association



Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Sophomores

by EDITH ORR '44

We are little soapheads
From the second floor.
We are teased and battered
'Till we're very sore.

We can't talk in home room,
And if we do, we're told
We're just silly sophomores,
Getting much too bold.

We can't wander higher
Than our sophomore floor,
If we go down lower,
The seniors we'll bore.

If we enter classes
Looking not so bright,
We are told that sophomores
Should get more sleep at night.

Fast we learn that seniors—
And the juniors, too—
Are the little sophomores'
Greatest Waterloo.

Fast we're taught the little ways
In which they torture us.
These we'll use some other year,
So we never make a fuss.

WILL I REMEMBER?

by JACQUELINE BEATKA '44

Will I remember
The touch of her hand
As she through the darkness led me—
Led me
O'er the creaking steps of everyday?
But she did not lead me far;
Her own steps were numbered.

Will I remember
That soft and silver hair,
Her kind and understanding eyes,
Her voice like the echo of a song,
And her smile that invited love and confidence?

Will I remember—
You ask me!
As long as life has a step for me to climb,
I will remember
My Mother—
Until time meets eternity.

STORE YOUR FURS
AT THE
Manitowoc Refrigeration Company
1310 Clark Street
DIAL 4461
• WE CALL FOR & DELIVER
Bonded Messengers

ART'S HOME BAKERY
"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"
1228 So. 10th St. Dial 2827

Flight

by MARY POLLOCK '43

In autumn
At dusk
The house lights flicker on
One by one,
To welcome the homeward bound.
And then are seen
The strange flights of birds against the moon,
Their soft musical calls
Floating down to earth.
Peace!

In autumn
At dusk
Windows are blackened
Lest any guiding ray escape.
And then are seen
The cruel flights of man-made monsters against the moon,
Their brutal instruments of destruction
Screaming down to earth.
War!

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

AND
FACTORY TRAINED SERVICE
on all products of
Underwood - - - Elliot
FISCHER CO.
PHONE 9785

The Maresch Printing Company
Authorized Underwood Portable Dealers

County and Court House Officials

Clerk of Circuit Court
HARVEY F. STROUF
Recorder of Judgments and Liens, etc.
Alimony Department
Naturalization and Passport Agency

County Coroner
DR. THEODORE TEITGEN

County Treasurer
RAY McCARTHY
Collects Delinquent Real Estate and Personal Property Taxes
Receives All Money Due the County.
Gives Out All County Checks.

County Supt. of Schools
E. S. MUELLER

County Clerk
ALBERT W. TETZLAFF

Veteran Service Officer
T. C. ECKHART
Attends to All Veteran Affairs.

County Probate Court
Presided Over By
JUDGE E. S. SCHMITZ

District Attorney
JOHN DANIELSON

Municipal Court
Presided Over By
JUDGE O. T. BREDESEN

Sheriff of Manitowoc County
ELMER BERGNER

Register of Deeds
JOSEPH M. ZAHORIK
Custodian of all records pertaining to Real and Personal Estate, Birth, Death, and Marriage Records, and Soldiers' Discharges.

First National Bank

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN

COMPLETE BANKING SERVICE

Capital $200,000.00

Capital Surplus & Undivided Profits } $250,000.00

Member Federal Reserve System

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Make Stangel's Your SPORTING GOODS Headquarters

WE CARRY A

KNOCKOUT OF A SELECTION OF

SPORTING GOODS

FOR EVERY SPORTING NEED!

— We Feature —

* Spalding
* Reach
* Wright & Ditson
* Wilson

— Sporting Goods —

J-J-STANGEL HARDWARE CO.

EIGHTH AT QUAY - DIAL 3303

REFLECTIONS
and inflections

(*Continued from page 42*)

Miss Belligerent gives May her long-practiced Garbo-look and growls, "Eee gad! It's about time!" Subtle then pours salt on fresh wounds by demurely replying, "My, your hair certainly doesn't take a curl very well, does it? Not that I don't like it loose, but it could be shorter." This is beyond a doubt, the most evil group of all for they spare no feelings. You are always ill-at-ease in their presence, just as they want you to be.

The third group is least harmful, but may prove most disturbing. This type is very sober, almost sullen. May must now pass this group for its approval or disapproval. And therein lies the entire trouble. The first two groups really let you know where things stand, but not so with Miss Sober and Sullen. She just glares at you. She glares at May's head; tiny beads of perspiration break out on May's forehead. She wonders if perhaps some careless operator left a rubber curler dangling. Just when May is contemplating crawling under a radiator or leaping into a waste-basket, the bell rings.

Her ordeal is over! Tomorrow, it will be some one else who must run the gauntlet of inspection and inflection. Will May remember how she felt and pity the current victim? Will she be ready to convoy the next victim through the gauntlet?

Of course not! She'll enjoy every minute of it.

The Well-Dressed Girl

A well-dressed girl from head to toe
Wears a skirt with pleats and a "Sloppy Joe."

Dickies and blouses are in the right place,
And rouge and lipstick are worn on her face.

Ribbons with colors, and jewelry, too,
Her saddle footwear—is a typical shoe.

Make-believe flowers are placed in her hair,
Mascara is worn to lessen her glare.

Sweaters are primly pushed up at the sleeves,
All different sizes and all different weaves.

Fingernail polish on the rims of her specs,
This doesn't complete the styles of this sex.

For there's not a day, or very few,
That a girl doesn't wear just something that's new.

by CLARIE BAUER '43

Eyes Scientifically Examined — Glasses Fitted and Repaired

DR. E. A. KRENZ, O. D.

State Licensed Optometrist and Optician

Graduated and Experienced from Chicago Eye Clinic

Newest . . Latest Optical Office in the City

1011 Washington St.
DIAL 3513
Manitowoc, Wis.

Passport . .

A DIPLOMA received upon graduation from high school is just a ticket to the BIG GAME OF LIFE!

by MARIE LOEF '43

The . . .

Coney Island

STOP IN . . . .

AFTER SCHOOL
THE GAME
ON A DATE
ANYTIME

Excellent Service at Our New
SODA FOUNTAIN

We maintain our reputation for good food . . well served!

NEXT TO THE ELKS CLUB

The
MANITOWOC
BUSINESS
COLLEGE

★

Enjoys the confidence of the Business Houses with whom you will be happy to become associated after your completion of a Special Business Training.

★

ALL OUR GRADUATES
ARE HAPPILY PLACED

SEE OUR NEW ADORABLE
CAROL KING
★
"Just the Thing for Spring!"
★
BERK'S
8th and Jay Streets

MANUFACTURERS
AND RETAILERS OF
MATTRESSES
and
BOX SPRINGS
Manitowoc Bedding Co.
DIAL 3913

DIAL 4837 — 720 QUAY ST.

Manitowoc Land and Fuel Company

Always Reliable

COAL
AND
BUILDING
MATERIAL

a penny for your thoughts

(*Continued from page 16*)

as it comes. Even though the Japanese may be invading the country, they take that too as a matter of course. We overcome problems as they reach us. We don't go out to look for troubles as you in America do."

He paused and gazed dreamily out of the window, then continued in a philosophical tone. "You know, I've watched you, as you passed the house everyday. I used to set my watch by your passing. You seemed always to be in a hurry. I said to myself, 'He's going to feel sorry that he is in a hurry.' Now here you are.

"You are in the spring of life, and what you practice now will carry through until you die. If you hurry when you're young, you'll hurry when you are older. Look at me, I've never hurried in my life and I act just as young as you do. You will be like the rest of the Americans, a race of great speed but little thought. We, in China, never hurry because we know that we will get there.

"Do the things you wish to do today, for tomorrow may never come. You, in America, think of tomorrow which causes you great trouble. Thinking of the future always causes people to worry, because they are unable to foretell what will happen next. That's what causes all the worry."

Dismissed

by DONALD RYAN '44

It's four o'clock;
School's dismissed.
The crowd is very hasty
To "swing it" to the tune of,
The "juke box" down at "Tasty."

BOOTH'S FROZEN FOODS

"SOLD AT LEADING GROCERY STORES"

Distributed by

Northern Wisconsin Produce Co.

MILLER WELDING SERVICE

Welding - Boiler Work - Stacks
Tanks and Structural Work

Spring Hill Drive — Phone 63F2

Complete Line of
OFFICE & SCHOOL SUPPLIES

NAPP
Office and School Supply Co.

9TH & WASHINGTON ST. — DIAL 8961

BRAUN MOTOR COMPANY

DODGE - PLYMOUTH

Sales - Service

1014 South 10th St. — Phone 3456

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN

ARE YOUR ICE SKATES IN SHAPE?
If not get them sharpened at

WISCONSIN SHOE REPAIRING CO.

Shoes Shined - Dyed - Repaired
HATS CLEANED and BLOCKED!

NONSENSE • • • • •

Lay to a Lovely Perch in a Pond

by RUTH BRODERICK '44

O sweet fish! O lovely Lady Perch,
Thy life must be joy!
O sweet fish! O pretty creature,
So scaley and coy.
So they tell me.

O sweet perch! O sweet female perch,
Your scales are blue;
Pray tell me, dear feminine perch,
Do you love me too?
Or thereabouts.

The Male Mind Changes

by SUSAN ECKELS '43

1st week . . .

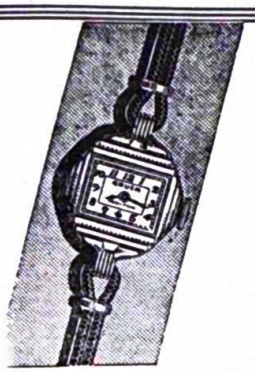
She likes him much
And so does me—
He likes her, though,
That leaves me be.

2nd week . . .

He is fine keed,
You know it too;
He goes for me,
And not for you.

3rd week . . .

His mind is free
He likes us not—
Then, who likes who?
Boy, what a spot!



A Beautiful

WATCH

Is An Outstanding Gift

For Every Important Occasion!

★ Its a gift that will be Treasured and Remembered Throughout the Years.

Choose From These Famous Makes at Boelter's

• GRUEN • ELGIN • TAVANNES • CROTON

J. A. BOELTER, Jeweler

Mikadow Theatre Bldg.

"Manitowoc's Busiest Jewelry Store"

DAVID'S BEAUTY SHOP

MANAGER
Josephine O'Brien

810 Franklin St. — Dial 7152

WE'RE ALWAYS PLEASED TO "MEAT" YOU AT

Kadow's Market

"Manitowoc's Finest Meat Market"

12th at Washington Street

from COURTESY

High school is just a stepping stone into the industrial world . . . where the average high school graduate competes with others who are trying out for the same job. Courtesy is one of the necessary requirements an individual needs to secure a position.

by MARY BRADY '42

Hoyer Bros.

MEN'S QUALITY CLOTHING

• SINCE 1865 •

WOLLERSHEIM STUDIO

Portrait and Commercial Photography . . .

104 N. 8th St. -:- Room 20
Dial 9535 Manitowoc

Mrs. E. A. KRENZ
Manager

Every Available Comfort Given Our Patrons

PRICES TO FIT EVERY PURSE!
PERMANENTS $2.50 - $3.50 & $10.00
$8.50 PERMANENTS $5.00

KRENZ BEAUTY SHOP

DOWNSTAIRS — 1011 WASH. ST.
MANITOWOC, WIS. :-: Dial 3513

5th Ave. Quick, Easy Dryers

NEWEST - LATEST EQUIPPED SHOP ON WASHINGTON STREET

THE MEN'S STORE

has the largest selection of popular priced suits in Manitowoc County

When you need a suit again, visit the MEN'S STORE . . . You'll find dozens and dozens to choose from at the price you want to pay . . . Our special group of Students' Suits at $24.95 is an outstanding value. — Both tweeds and worsteds in all the new colors and patterns.

$24.95

The HENDERSON-HOYT Co.

Huchthausen's

★

EVERYTHING IN

HARDWARE

AND

SPORTING

GOODS

★

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS

Dr. N. W. Allan

OPTOMETRIST

DIAL 5981

MANITOWOC SAVINGS

BANK BUILDING

★ WADHAMS

★ SERVICE

★ STATION

14th and Washington Streets

Professional Directory

PHYSICIANS—

W. A. Rauch
W. E. Donohue
L. W. Gregory
Hammond & Hammond
G. M. Hoffman
C. L. MacCollum
L. D. Sobush
R. G. Strong
A. F. Stueck
Teitgen & Teitgen
F. E. Turgasen
C. E. Wall
R. G. Yost
J. W. Steckbauer
R. J. Portman
Walter H. Scherping
N. Schneck

EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT—

Aldridge & Belson
M. P. Andrews

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS—

R. W. Parish

OPTOMETRISTS—

N. W. Allan
E. A. Krenz
E. D. La Course
E. T. Rummele

ATTORNEYS—

John R. Cashman
J. C. Danielson
Patrick Dewane
Fischer & Smith
Hougen, Brady & Murphy
Kelley, Wyseman, Muchin & Hansen
J. V. Ledvina
Markham, Markham and Schwartz
Nash & Nash
Schenian & Mayer
Leslie J. Valleskey

DENTISTS—

G. W. Blaesser
A. Bruins
Gehbe & Savage
G. H. Heise
W. W. Just
M. A. Nemetz
R. E. Peterson
E. A. Schuette
Sylvester Stangel
A. J. Zimmer
Frank T. McNally
Harvey Vollendorf
Stefan Urban

S. S. Kresge Company

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Corner of 8th and FRANKLIN

A GRAND SELECTION OF NEW SPRING

MODERN MISS

SPORT OXFORDS — Just Arrived!

Come in and See these Snappy 1942 Models!!

- LOAFERS
- MOCCASINS
- SADDLES
- STRAPS
- BROWN
- TAN
- BIEGE
- COMBINATIONS

JOHNSON'S

Capitol Building

Frank Hoffman — Theo. J. Hoffman
E. L. Nash — Chas. H. Tills
T. J. Hoffman

Lindstedt-Hoffman Company

- Insurance Service
- Real Estate
- First Mortgage Loans

•

PHONE 3381

freddy Brick's

BRITA CENTER
BAR & GRILL
CATERER
Manitowoc, Wis.

"HOME OF BROILED T-BONES"

Emergencies

Emergencies demand quick, perfect response. Emergencies face us daily with only our eyesight to carry us to safety.

The slight investment in regular eye examinations is sure to bring you continuous dividends.

E. T. Rummele

OPTOMETRIST

818 South 8th St. Dial 5225

FRITSCH NASH CO.

THE HOME OF FINE CARS

916 Buffalo Street

DIAL 6363

KASPER

CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

GENERAL CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS

1203 North 16th Street
Manitowoc - - Wisconsin

Selling

In this store means giving you SERVICE . . . and in our case it is Fashion, plus Quality, plus Reasonableness of Price!

SIGMAN'S

15th and Washington Streets

"19 Years of Serving Manitowoc"

"Girls, Girls . . Be Wise"

Learn Beauty Culture . . .

"The Easy Way"

IN ONE of Wisconsin's oldest, finest, newly remodeled schools.

ONLY professional trade you can learn in eight months and can make use of the rest of your life.

WHAT other profession can give you an advanced and scientific training so you are fitted for a position in such a short time and at such a small expense?

WARNING—Do not be misled by strangers, for Ladies' Profession, "Consult a Lady", **MRS. E. KRENZ.**

1011 Washington St., Manitowoc—Free consultation. She has advised and assisted young ladies "FREE" for nearly 20 years, to become Beauticians!

PRICE—As low a price as only $2 a week for tuition. Ask about Scholarships—a real gift given, when a manager. Salary per month, nearly $100, protected by law. It will pay you to investigate . . . Your opportunity of a lifetime.

Mutual Agreement

(*Continued from page 13*)

Number three on my list came up and went down again after that certain "After dinner, then what, darling?" question. Number four had some of the wifie's relatives drop in for supper and then stay for supper, including breakfast and dinner between, for about three weeks. Number five's case was the daughter who didn't want to have dishpan hands - - - Ivory Glow or no Ivory Glow. Case number six had a wife who was nearsighted and kept putting the salt in place of the sugar. Case number seven had a son who overslept. Case number eight had - - - anyway, it all ended in despair for me. The Mutual Agreement that I was trying to find was lost, strayed, or stolen.

I've seen it happen time and time again in that average family of four, the people who have that nice homey background and that nice feeling of contentment. I almost gave up looking, too, until I went past the Whites.

After supper was over, Sister Sue said in a pleading voice, "Mother, let me do the dishes tonight, please, mom."

But Brother Jim who overheard them broke in with a "Gosh, mom, I sorta wanted to do those there dishes myself."

But the crowning glory came when Dad interrupted with a "Say, Mary, how about having me do the dishes tonight? You just go in and sit down."

And that's where the announcer broke in with a "Yes, folks, your family, too, will be clamoring to do the dishes when you get Big Bubble Soap Flakes - - - the flake with a bubble in every drop. Get some today at your -."

And that's when I switch the radio off.

You see what I mean?

USE GAS FOR COOKING
and WATER HEATING . . . .

"The Choice of Over 16,000,000 Housewives"

G - A - S

IS THE IDEAL COOKING FUEL!

• It's Clean ★ FAST • Low Cost
• Flexible • Easy to Use

Wisconsin Fuel & Light Company

EMIL SCHAUS
HARDWARE
AND
Sheet Metal Works
912 Jay Street Dial 4181

KATTNER BROS.
Meat Market
PHONE 3341
20th and Marshall St.
"The Home of . . . .
Home-Made Sausages"

PARLOW MOTORS
You'll get a better
deal on a new or
USED CAR
* FORD * MERCURY
* LINCOLN ZEPHYR
Dial 8212 Manitowoc

Dr. H. J. BELSON
EYE
EAR
NOSE
THROAT
WOOD BLOCK BUILDING
Dial 6987

Life is like a
baseball game;
it has both its
INS and OUTS!

by MARY ELLEN
ZINGSHEIM '43

A. H. Dummer
PLUMBING and HEATING
CONTRACTORS
Established in 1898
"Over 43 years of Faithful
Service to the Community"
1208 Washington Dial 4664

Rahr's Gift House
STATIONERY
GREETING CARDS
LEATHER GOODS
PICTURES
901 South 8th St. Manitowoc

JOHNSON
Electric and Radio Shop
RCA VICTOR
• Radios and Victrolas
• Phonograph Records
* Classical * Popular * Old Time
On
Victor -:- Bluebird -:- Columbia
Okeh -:- Decca
908 Washington St. Dial 6525

COMPLIMENTS OF
Thelma's
THE FASHION
CORNER OF MANITOWOC

French
SLIPPER SHOP
833 South Eighth St.
"Noted for Style"

GREENWALD
COMPLETE FOOD
MARKET
* Vegetables *
* Fancy Groceries *
* Meats *
* Fresh Fruits *
Corner of 10th at Green
DIAL 3631

DIRKMAN
SERVICE
STATION
•
734 NORTH 8TH STREET
DIAL 3634

E-M-P-I-R-E

★ ★ ★ ★ THE BIGGEST LITTLE THEATRE IN TOWN ★ ★ ★ ★

Admission		Admission	
Children	10c	Adults	18c
Federal Tax	1c	Federal Tax	2c
Total	11c	Total	20c

PRACTICE MORE BOWLING

Alleys always available on Saturdays & Sundays

HAUPT BROS.

Bowling Alleys

811 Jay Street Manitowoc

CORONA

For School Work

Badger Specialty Co.

811 Franklin St. Dial 6961

GUSE

LUMBER COMPANY

"We sell the grade that holds the trade"

- LUMBER
- MILLWORK
- INSULATION
- SHINGLES
- ROOFING

901 Commercial St. -:- Dial 3622

SCHEURELL CLOTHING CO.

SMART CLOTHES

SLACKS and SWEATERS

SHIRTS, TIES and SOX

Opposite Court House

★ FOR THOROUGH NEWS COVERAGE OF HIGH SCHOOL SPORTING EVENTS.....

READ

THE MANITOWOC HERALD-TIMES

Princess

We Make Our Own ICE CREAM

CANDIES fresh and Pure

TASTY LUNCHES

★

OUR MOTTO—
Promptness
Courtesy
Cleanliness

MARQUITA BEAUTY SHOP

★

918 Washington Street
Dial 5161

For Choicest Meats

GEIGER & GEISLER

Dial 3361

MANITOWOC'S LEADING MARKET

DR. J. M. KROPP

DENTIST

Washington at 10th St.

★

Phone 5323

WHITE HOUSE LUNCH

•

HOME OF GOOD COOKING

•

1865 Spring St. -:- Dial 9944

The Wind

by JEANNE TIDMARSH '44

The wind to me is singing a song,
As it whirls and blows the whole day long.
It makes the leaves a-dancing go,
And the trees keep bending to and fro.

As the wind goes merrily on its way,
Stirring the brook from its peaceful play,
It runs along playing several pranks,
Caressing the bushes along the banks.

The wind has nothing to do but play,
This way and that way all the day.
I've often wished that I could be
A frolicking wind instead of me.

CRYSTAL ICE CO.

"From Purest City Water"

DIAL 4461 1310 CLARK ST.

"PROMPT SERVICE"

BOURIL AUTO SERVICE

916 South 10th Street

De Soto - Plymouth
Sales and Service

OFFICIAL AAA GARAGE

Day and Night Service Dial 5588

Robert Burns
White Owl
Van Dyke
Wm. Penn

CIGARS

TELEPHONE 9011

Berkedal & Shimek

CHEVROLET

★ THE LEADER IN SALES

FOR TEN OUT OF THE PAST ELEVEN YEARS

★ THE LEADER IN VALUE

LAUSON CHEVROLET COMPANY

HESSEL MUSIC HOUSE

"THE HOME OF GOOD MUSIC"

719 Washington Street

GEO. C. PETERSON

- Sheet Metal
- Furnaces
- Air Conditioning
- Roofing Contractor

306 North 9th St.

DIAL 3481

ECONOMY BOYS

"Just what the name implies"

Standard Nationally Advertised Merchandise at Lowest Prices

We Handle a Complete Line of

* Radios
* Auto Accessories
* Fishing Tackle
* Sporting Goods
* Hardware
* Electrical Supplies
* Bicycle Supplies

REPAIRING

Every Item Sold at 100% Guarantee or Your MONEY BACK!

1130 Washington St.

Ed. Case, Prop. Dial 3864

For 1942 It's . . .

- BUICK
- OLDS
- CADILLAC

AT

Manitowoc's Oldest Established Agency

The Hamachek Co.

DIAL 3388

★ *Builders of the*
First Submarines
On the Great Lakes

MANITOWOC
WISCONSIN

THE
Glander
ART STUDIO

PORTRAIT
and
COMMERCIAL
PHOTOGRAPHERS

KODAKS and
KODAK FINISHING
Picture Frames - Made to Order

822 Washington Street

Definition of
Dancing . . . Moving
feet with no
Destination!

by JOAN TVETEN '44

SERVE
HOME-MADE
BAKERY
FOR
ALL OCCASIONS

316 North 8th St. - Dial 5541

MRS. BREY'S

ANDERSON
ELECTRIC CO.

SEE US FOR . . . .
- Radios and electric work
- Philco Radios
- Westinghouse Refrigerators
- Washers - Ironers
- Water Heaters - Appliances

DIAL 4962 823 WASH. ST.

QUALITY
BEVERAGE

Manufacturers and Bottlers
Of Soft Drinks

Factory Phone 6712

906 S. 26th St. Manitowoc

SYNTHETIC PLASTICS

★ Enamels . . . ★ Varnishes . . . ★ Resins

HERESITE & CHEMICAL
COMPANY

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

VOGUE
BEAUTY
SHOP

★

Phone 8791

★

7 North 8th St. Manitowoc

The Unanswerable Question:

Why is it
that man cannot
live in harmony
with man?

by ROBERT PEHRSON '44

Wagner's
Manitowoc Wisconsin

★

SMART FASHIONS
FOR
MISS or MATRON
AT
POPULAR PRICES

BORISS
Furniture Company

"Manitowoc's Largest
and
Most Up-To-Date
Furniture Store"

●

1018 Wash. St. -:- Dial 5131

Goodrich
Silvertown Store

* Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires
* Bicycles
* Auto Accessories

●

813 Jay Street Manitowoc

Your Assurance of

QUALITY

is our Own Trade Name

COMPLETE LINE OF APPLIANCES

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

BURGER
BOAT COMPANY
MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN
DESIGNERS .... BUILDERS

J. F. Dettman Body Shop
DIAL 3553
709 - 711 Chicago Street
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Over Thirty Years
Of Service
To This Community

East Wisconsin Trustee Co.

MARK L. HOOPER
CERTIFIED
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT
Commerce Building Manitowoc

Spring Morning

by ANITA WESTPHAL '42

Radiant and fragrant, the tulips
Lift their cup-like form.
In small whirls, the water swirls,
Left from the previous storm.
Lilacs burst with awakened thirst
For warm, spring-kissed days.
Nearby the rippling, gurgling rivulet.
Sends its gentle spray
Singing into the fresh, cool air.
Tiny globules, the pearls of spring,
Glitter like diamonds rare.
Budding lily-bells so shy,
Complete the painter's scene,
Blending with the rising sun
And waving fields of green.

E. P. KNAUER COMPANY

★ ENGINEERS ★ CONTRACTORS

• HEATING • VENTILATING • AIR CONDITIONING

849 North 18th Street Phone 3174

FUKA'S
DRUG STORE

1914 Hamilton Street :-: Manitowoc

We Have a Large Line of

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

VERKIN'S MUSIC STORE

Exclusive Dealer for

King Band Instruments

Dial 3557 1019 So. 11th St.

FRANK J.
KERSCHER COMPANY

SHEET METAL WORKS

Foundry and Radiator Work

DIAL 8781

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

GOOD BREAD . . . .
Is truly the staff of life . . . . It should be served at every meal. Don't be disappointed . . . ask for Dick Bros. . . . your neighborhood grocer has it.

Dick Bros. Bakery Co.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

BAKERS

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Known for service

J. PFEFFER SONS
Furniture and Rugs

MANITOWOC'S MOST MODERN
FUNERAL HOME

Manitowoc • Wisconsin

Manitowoc Creamery Co.

Manufacturers and Distributors of

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Dial 4515 912 So. 17th St.

Eugene L. Kadow

BROKER

"CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY"

★

FOR YOUR REAL ESTATE

★ ★

and

★ ★

COMPLETE

★ ★

INSURANCE PROTECTION

★

WOOLWORTH BUILDING DIAL 7922

DRINK

CLEO COLA

- Whistle
- Bubble Up
- Squirt

MANITOWOC
BOTTLING WORKS

HOLTZ
FOOD MARKET

QUALITY MEATS

• Baked Ham Our Specialty!

1519 Washington Street
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

THE HOLY FAMILY
CONSERVATORY

★ . . . We teach all musical instruments as well as voice and harp throughout the year.

INVINCIBLE
METAL FURNITURE CO.
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Modern Office and Institutional
STEEL EQUIPMENT

Rahr Malting Co.

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Gerl - Drumm Lumber Co.

836 South 20th Street

DIAL 6565 FOR YOUR SUPPLIES

Moonlight Sonata

by ANDRIA JENKYN '44

Twilight, a girl huddled on a park bench near the lake, and softly through the night the strains of Beethoven's immortal "Moonlight Sonata." The girl, slim, dark, lovely, sobbed into her crossed arms, resting on the back of the wooden bench. Her shoulders shaking, torn by her sobs, she cried on, unresponsive to the music, or the moonlight streaming on the water.

Slowly, she rose to her feet and walked with drooping head and shoulders to the rail overlooking the lake. Standing dejectedly there, she stared, fascinated, at the silver carpet moving quietly below her, irresistibly drawn to it. Then, closing her eyes she looked upward. Her lips moved briefly. Placing her hand lightly on the cold, iron rail she prepared to swing herself over into the soothing water below.

Suddenly her head came up. Into her ears, beating softly, persistently, came the poignant, tender notes of music. The beautiful melody of the piano swelling through the clear crispness of the night drew the girl away from edge of the lake. She walked slowly, then faster, and then faster yet, until she ran out of sight into the dim, distant night. The music followed her, the piano thundering a passionate crescendo, and then died slowly away as she disappeared. The girl had gone. The music had stopped. All was quiet in the park.

But inside the crowded concert hall across the street from the park, a proud, tired old man bowed again and again to the ovations of an enthusiastic audience. For, when he played the "Moonlight Sonata", the great Pole's fingers had regained the skill and fire of his youth, and he had played as only he, Paderewski, could play.

The audience knew only that they had heard a great pianist play, but the wind, the water, and the moon knew that He who plans all things had given that skill for a good reason.

Yes, this is a Drug Store. We are proud of that fact. Proud that ours is an establishment where the Prescription Department is neither a neglected sideline nor a mellow memory.

Because our prescription volume is large, our overhead is small. Our stocks move very rapidly, assuring you fresh, potent drugs. And you will find that our prices are always fair.

May we have the privilege of filling the next prescription you get from your doctor?

Chas. A Groffman

Prescription Pharmacy

925 S. 8th Street Manitowoc

DIAL 3533

VISIT YOUR

TASTY CRISPY SHOPS

NEW . . MODERN . . SODA GRILL

"WISCONSIN'S FINEST"

Other Shop Located at
1420 Wash. St.
"The Sweetest
Shops in Town"

Located at 918 Washington Street

LEADING HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BEST IN

- Ice Cream
- Nut Meats
- Candies
- Potato Chips

MICHAEL
G. LUTZ
TAILORING

906 JAY STREET
Dial 3853

Annette
BEAUTY SHOPPE

Professional Service in All Branches of Beauty Culture
1312 Washington Street
DIAL 3833 MANITOWOC, WIS.

They Never Met

(*Continued from page 15*)

it might drag on into months and everything. She did all she could for the man. And that name—Huwatschek!

Meanwhile in prison, Huwatschek is having a terrible time even though they have movies once a week. His cellmates are Slice and Snipper Morgan, two boys from the back room, who see in Huwatschek's face a resemblance to a guy in Chicago who once ratted on them. They are convinced that Ratface Ferrero and Alvin Huwatschek are one and the same person.

"But I'm not Ratface Ferrero," Huwatschek tells them.

"Don't gimme dat," says Slice.

"Bash his head in," says Snipper.

"I told you I'm just here because I stole a girl's purse on a Third Avenue bus one morning," pleads Huwatschek. "Only I didn't really steal it. I fell in love with a girl and that was the only way I could get to know her."

"Don't gimme dat," says Slice.

"Bash his head in," says Snipper.

Then there is the day when seventeen prisoners try to make an escape. During play hour in the play yard, Slice Morgan lures the warden's niece, eight-year-old Mary Suzanne, into his clutches. He puts his eight by twelve hands around the child's waist and holds her up for the warden to see.

"Hey warden," yells Slice, "open the gates or it's curtains fer da kid."

"I'm not scared, Uncle Herbert," calls out Mary Suzanne.

"Put down that child, Slice," commands the warden.

But Slice knows he has the warden where he wants him.

Seventeen men and a small blond child walk out the gates. Sixteen men and a small blond child walk out safely. A guard in the tower thinks he sees an opportunity to shoot Slice in the head, and thus destroy the unity of the group. But he misses and only succeeds in shooting the small man walking behind Slice, killing him instantly.

Guess who?

Only Alvin Huawtschek never got to know Bette Linstrom. She got off three blocks after the idea struck him and he got off at 148th Street. That night Bette went to the movies with Howard Bills. She was in love with him. Howard thought Bette was a darn good sport, but that was as far as it went. And Alvin Huwatschek stayed home and listened to the Ovaltine can top program. He thought about Bette all night, all the next day, and very often that month.

Then all of a sudden he was introduced to Dorothy Bixby, who was beginning to be afraid she wasn't going to get a husband. And before Mr. Huwatschek could catch himself, he no longer was able to think of Bette. Dorothy kept him too busy.

CAR-FERRY
School Supplies & Stationery

Household Paper Products
Made in Manitowoc

If it's
CAR-FERRY
— It's Good!

THE
SPINDLER
COMPANY . . .

A MANITOWOC INSTITUTION
FOR FIFTY YEARS

- ICE
- CONCRETE MIX
- GASOLINE - OIL
- WOOD
- BUILDING MATERIAL
- COKE
- FUEL OIL
- COAL

At 10th STREET BRIDGE

Phone 4466

Louie's Sporting Goods

LOUIS C. STANGEL

DIAL 5005 717 FRANKLIN ST.

Manitowoc County's
ONLY
exclusive
Sporting Goods Store

JUNIAS H. PLEUSS
REALTY COMPANY

May we serve you when you need any insurance . . a home, or money to loan!

phone 5620

807 Jay St. Manitowoc

For Dependable Merchandise and Friendly Service . . . .

DO ALL YOUR
TRADING AT THE

PARK
DRUG STORES

THREE STORES

1222 Washington Street
21st and Western Avenue
1302 New York Avenue

WALGREEN SERVICE

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Truly fine because the same engineers, craftsmen and stylists who are responsible for the Incomparable Baldwin Grand have combined their experience and skill in a concerted effort to produce a small piano which is worthy of the name "A Product of Baldwin." The result is a superb musical instrument, beautiful, up-to-date and small enough to fit snugly into the most modern surroundings.

The Baldwin Built Acrosonic is now available in ten beautiful models. And the Acrosonic is easy to own. We will gladly arrange convenient terms to suit your budget.

Also built by Baldwin—Baldwin, Hamilton and Howard Pianos

Korzinek Music House

903 Washington Street Dial 5615

DR. GEHBE & SAVAGE

Dentists

Phone 6175 Wood Block Bldg.

Nelesen Plumbing Company

ROTO-ROOTER SEWER SERVICE

PHONE 9041

North 9th and Buffalo St.

KOUTNIK & SCHWARTZ

"feet first"

Phone 7091 :-: Manitowoc

KERSCHER'S

20th Century Bowling Alleys

DIAL 9952

814 York Street Manitowoc

Gloe

Insurance Agency

DIAL 5881

927-A So. 8th Street

RIDGE MOTOR SUPPLY

Wholesale Distributors

Automobile and Truck Service
PARTS and SUPPLIES

Corner Jay and Tenth
PHONE 5513

Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Sindelar Bakery

Wholesale and Retail Baker

DIAL 3915

Corn. 12th and Washington Sts.

CLOVER DALE
DAIRY

Office 2516 Meadow Lane

Distributor of
QUALITY DAIRY PRODUCTS

DIAL 6283

SUITS and
TOPCOATS
AT POPULAR PRICES!

- Arrow Shirts
- Dobbs Hats

Foley & Kernan

Next to Hotel Manitowoc

Koehler's
Jewelry

"NORTH SIDE JEWELER"

Karmelkorn

Homemade Candies
and
Ice Cream Bars

BUTTERED POPCORN
CIGARS - CIGARETTES
MAGAZINES

114 North 8th Street

Bowling and Billiards

LEARN TO BOWL AND ENJOY YOURSELF!

• Seitz's Recreation Center •

Alleys Open . . 3 o'clock Daily

9:00 a. m. Sunday

DEL & JACK SEITZ, Prop.

REISS POCAHONTAS

MANITOWOC'S FAVORITE HOUSEHOLD FUEL

• COKE . . . • ANTHRACITE . . . • BRIQUETS . . .

Phone 5544 *Phone 5544*

The C. REISS COAL CO.

Specialists in COAL since 1880

SELECT

KENTUCKY STOKER COAL

MAXIMUM HEAT . . . . DEPENDABLE IN OPERATION

Compliments of

FIRST SECURITIES COMPANY

FIRST NATIONAL INSURANCE AGENCY

MANITOWOC, WIS.

803 York Street

DIAL 8353

from THE BEST GOAL

Speaking of goals, I contend that the best one is "striving to overcome ourselves rather than others."

by MARVIN PANKRATZ '42

HEALTH SPOT SHOE SHOP

SHOES FOR

• MEN . . .
• WOMEN . . .
and
• CHILDREN

812 Franklin Street Dial 7131

Delsman and Brunner Meat Market

1801 Western Avenue Dial 6313

We Deliver!

"A First Class Market . . . . Selling First Class Meats"

HOT SAUSAGE—Wednesday & Saturday

4:00 to 5:30 P. M.

Clover Farm Coffees

RED CUP
GREEN CUP

"Ground Fresh to Suit Your Method of Coffee Making"

Clover Farm
VACUUM PACK
"OUR FINEST GRADE"

Try the new — larger Clover Farm Vacuum Pack Vegetables with the "Fresh-Like" Flavor

CLOVER FARM
FLOUR

CLOVER FARM
SHORTENING

"Sold with a money back guarantee" as to customer's satisfaction.

AT ALL CLOVER FARM STORES

CLOVER FARM STORES
THRIFT-PLUS SATISFACTION

King of Night

by BETTY JANE LEWIS '44

To me the moon is a king
seated upon a throne
of diamond incrusted black velvet.
His gleaming countenance
throws a shining path
across the black mystic waters.
Like all kings the moon has his music:
The murmur of a breeze
in the stillness of the forest,
The sleepy chirp of a cricket
or the hoot of an owl.
This is his symphony.
So when our world sleeps
the world of night awakens.
The lofty king
in his palace of the heavens
rules until darkness changes to dawn;
Then he has only to wait until night
again envelopes the earth.

Fifty Years Of Quality Printing

BRANDT

Printing and Binding Co.

813-817 Chicago Street - - - - - - - Dial 7117

Catalogs - School Annuals - Circulars
Letterheads - Envelopes - Posters
Business Cards - Ruling
Book Binding, etc.
Office Supplies

Schuette Bros. Co.

where you will find the 1942 All-American Fashions

For—

FRESHMEN
SOPHOMORES
JUNIORS
SENIORS
FACULTY

School Togs—

DRESSES
COATS
SUITS
SWEATERS
SKIRTS
BLOUSES

DON'T OVERLOOK

De Liso Debs Shoes
Stetson Hats
Joyce Footwear
Date Dresses
Party Gowns